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THE CABINET.—[SEE PAGE 246.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1877.

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On page 250 our readers will find a new poem by ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION.

THE attack upon the President was premature. When he was nominated, he stated in his letter of acceptance the principles that would guide his administration should he be elected. When he was inaugurated, he simply repeated and amplified the statement. Why should those who supported him after his letter, have insinuated that a repetition of it was proof of his treachery to any man or to any cause? Mr. BLAINE was one of the most conspicuous figures in the late campaign. He was received every where with enthusiasm, and every where warmly advocated the election of Mr. HAYES. In so doing he advocated a thorough reform of the civil service system, equal protection of the rights of all citizens every where, and the promotion, by the "influence of all legitimate agencies of the general government, ...of the blessings of honest and capable local government" in the Southern States. These were the words of Mr. HAYES, and they are certainly humane and American principles. There could be no sounder or better grounds of appeal to the country. He was elected. As President he said no word implying that he had changed his views. Yet on the very first day of his administration, and before his cabinet was confirmed, he was covertly attacked as a renegade to his own convictions and to Republican principles. There is nothing in his character, nothing in any of his words or deeds, to justify such an imputation.

The President, in common with all thoughtful men, sees that the Southern question is difficult and not to be summarily settled. No man can be satisfied with the present condition of affairs in many parts of the Southern States, and nobody should be satisfied with that condition since the war. It is easy enough to see that the real original cause of the situation was the great wrong of slavery. But it is not easy to apportion responsibility for the existing condition. On the one hand, every humane and just man must detest the terror of the Ku-Klux and the White League; on the other hand, no such man but must recoil from forcibly subjecting States of the Union to semi-barbarous and corrupt governments. Undoubtedly the white race in the Southern States made a fatal mistake in not obtaining control of the new colored vote. But it is not surprising that it made the mistake. It would have been astonishing if it had not. On the other hand, it is certainly not surprising that intelligent and superior men can not see without protest local government becoming practically highway robbery, nor that they prefer the military authority of the Union to the rule of an ignorant and venal majority. There are ignorance and corruption in all the States—in the State of New York. But the worst days of TWEED were not as bad as much that was called government in some of the Southern States. Yet if TWEED had been imposed upon us by the army of the United States, we might well have been in despair. We can understand, therefore, the feeling of intelligent men at the imposition upon them by force of such government as is described in a late article in the *Atlantic*.

We do not for that reason say, nor does the President say, nor does any honorable man say, that the colored citizens in the Southern States must be abandoned to the Ku-Klux and the shot-gun. We say only that the Southern question is not disposed of by the assertion that the whites oppress the blacks. That was true under the military policy. The accounts from the Feliciana and other parishes in Louisiana show that there is ill treatment of the colored population; the massacre of New Hamburg and the murder of the Collector WEBER are proofs of the angry and dangerous feeling that exists. But such facts necessarily raise the question whether a different policy might not produce better results. If the course that has been pursued has not produced the results desired, it is plain that a change of policy might secure them. Under the system which may be called the military policy all the Southern States but two have been recovered from the Republicans, and those two are now in doubt. Assume that the result has been produced by oppression of the colored citizens, then the national armed force was powerless to prevent it, or it was brought about in a manner with which that force could not legitimately deal. Mississippi is alleged to have been stolen from the Republicans by an organized terror and intimidation of the blacks. Assume that it is so. Are there Republicans who would propose to raise a national army and overthrow the existing government in Mississippi? And if there are such, could they probably carry a single State in the Union for such a policy? And, again, if they could not, would they be justified in asserting that the negro had been abandoned? Nobody can be justly reproached for saying that a policy which has lost to the Republicans every Southern State, which has not effectually protected the negro, and which has imbittered the jealousies of classes and of race, however indispensable it may have been when adopted, is not a wise permanent policy. A policy may have been wise and unavoidable twelve years ago, which it is now wise to modify in order to secure more surely the results for which it was originally adopted. There can be no doubt that if the freedmen had been abandoned at the end of the war to the "local self-government" of the old slave-holding class and the "white trash," they would have been reduced to a condition little better than slavery. That danger has in great measure passed away. Twelve years have taught the new citizens their power, and the old citizens the necessity, for their own safety, of friendly relations. And, above all, whatever wrongs may be done any where in the country to any citizen, the remedy is to be sought under the law, and under the law only. There can not be one kind of national protection in one State and another kind in another State. If the army may be a police any where, it may be so every where.

American statesmanship must trust American principles. American principles declare equal rights and demand equal protection. The problem of detail is how that equal protection shall be afforded most certainly. This is the question that meets the new Administration at the outset, and which is not to be settled in any summary way. It is not the interest of a single class or race that is to be considered, but the welfare and harmony of all the people in the State. If one class is to be protected from bulldozing, another is not less to be defended from the venality which stimulates bulldozing. The question is one for patriotic statesmanship, not for party passion; and therefore we have reason to believe that the measures which will be taken by the Administration will be such as the humanity and intelligence and national sense of justice will approve.

HAMILTON FISH.

THE recognition of the fitness of the appointment of Mr. EVARTS as Secretary of State is universal. The only opposition was that of party and personal rivalry, which disappeared in the unanimous demand of public feeling. Mr. EVARTS succeeds Mr. FISH, as Mr. FISH succeeded Mr. SEWARD, and the line of New York Secretaries is thus hardly less notable than the Virginia line at the beginning of the century. The retirement of Mr. FISH will be attended with the most grateful regard of the country. Entering upon his duties almost simultaneously with President GRANT, and remaining by his side to the end of his administration, he was the chief ground of public confidence in that administration. His withdrawal at any time would have been a serious shock to the country, and the urgent and universal solicitation to him to remain, when, at the close of General GRANT'S first term, he intended to resign, was one of the most honorable testimonies of regard ever offered to an incumbent of his office.

Like Mr. EVARTS, when Mr. FISH was called to the cabinet, although a Republican, he had no political relations, as the phrase is, in his State. That is to say, he was not a maker of slates nor a peddler of patronage. He was appointed because General GRANT knew him, and had perceived the qualities which have so admirably fitted him for his post. The President could not have made a more fortunate selection. And there are not many persons who would be so fool-hardy as to assert that Mr. FISH has been a less valuable officer because he has had nothing whatever to do with the mean arts of personal and trading politics. A man of spotless integrity, of quiet temperament, of great and various political experience, and of singularly sound judgment, he has been content to conduct the foreign affairs of the country in a manner, with a temper and a skill, that have not been surpassed in our history, and which have certainly placed him among the first practical statesmen of his time. If the faithful record of his administration of the State Department could be published in detail, it would also appear that his services which are necessarily unknown have not less promoted the welfare of the country than his masterly conduct of the *Alabama* negotiations, or the correspondence with Spain. Without a single sensational flourish, he has been most firmly true to the highest interests of the United States, and there has been no great official act of his foreign administration which has not had the hearty support of the best sentiment of the country.

It is undeniable that many acts of the Administration during which he has been Secretary of State have been severely condemned by the same sentiment, and Mr. FISH has been sometimes reproached that he consented to remain. But if every member of an Administration under our system were to retire whenever some executive act was performed which he did not altogether approve, he would be recreant to his duty. The faults of the late Administration were not such as would have justified the Secretary of State in abandoning the high trust which he was discharging so satisfactorily. Undoubtedly appointments were sometimes made even in his own department which he disapproved. But the Constitution vests the nominating power in the President. The Secretary of State is but his counselor. And the Secretary may wisely be left to judge for himself when his duty requires him to relinquish his own functions because the President may seem to abuse his power.

Fortunately for the country, Mr. FISH remained until General GRANT himself retired. Amid universal and sincere congratulation for the most eminent public services most ably and honorably performed, he gives place to a friend and neighbor who brings to his task the highest qualifications and deserved distinction, and who may be justly proud if at the close of his official term he shall retire with the same warm gratitude and respect that now attend his predecessor.

THE POWER OF MINOR APPOINTMENT.

WE spoke last week of the limitations of the executive power over appointments. The great mass of the offices which are described as in the gift of the President are not in his gift. The appointment requires the co-operation of the Senate, and the Senate has made its own tacit rules upon the subject. The Constitution provides for the multitude of subordinate offices in these words:

> "The Congress may, by law, vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments."

The President alone appoints very few. The courts appoint their own officers. But the heads of departments appoint the greater number of inferior officers. This, again, is subject to further regulation. The minor places in the New York Custom-house, for instance, are, under law, filled by the Secretary of the Treasury, but only upon the nomination of the Collector. A President, however, can control the general system of appointments, although the actual power of designation is vested in the Secretaries, by requiring of them, as a condition of their remaining, that they shall honestly carry out his policy. President HAYES has such strong convictions and so positive a policy upon the subject that his wishes will undoubtedly be observed even by those members of the cabinet who have not hitherto felt the paramount importance of a change of system.

The vast number of places in the civil service are in the Post-office Department. They are nearly one-half of the whole. There are between thirty and forty thousand post-offices. But the annual emoluments of more than half of them is less than fifty dollars. Multitudes of postmasters hold their places as a public convenience, not as a personal advantage. In 1872 there were twenty-two thousand postmasters who received less than one hundred dollars a year, and the number of "Presidential offices," or those of which the emolument is one thousand dollars or more, and to which the appointment requires the confirmation of the Senate, was about four thousand. There is very little competition for positions which are less than two hundred dollars in value. The number of post-offices is not, of course, a clew to the number of persons employed in them. In the largest office in the country, that in New York, the entire force, exclusive of chiefs, and including clerks, carriers, engineers, watchmen, and all others, is eleven hundred and ninety-two. Such a fact shows how very much greater the army of place-holders is than appears from any blue-book or list of civil officers. This is true of every department. The number of clerks employed in the War or Navy Department is very small. But the number of laborers and employed persons of every kind is, from the nature of the service, very great.

A favorite project of reform in the Post-office Department is that of election of postmasters. This was advocated by the New York *Herald* more than thirty years ago, and has been favored more recently by some noted public men. The design is to destroy at one blow a great mass of the "places," and so lessen the mischiefs of patronage, and to abolish the vehicle by which centralized partisan control of the service is maintained. But there are obvious objections to such a plan, arising in part from the facts that we have mentioned. Two-thirds of the post-offices are worth less than one hundred dollars, and more than half of them less than fifty dollars. Many of them are mere stations. There would be no electoral constituency. In cities and towns an office which of all offices is wholly non-political, and for whose management peculiar fitness is required, would become the prey of a local partisan election. It is, indeed, no less a party prize under a system of appointment. But in such appointments there is always more responsibility than in a general election. The only valid argument for the change would be that although the service would be worse, or no better, the mischiefs of the present system of appointment would be diminished. It would be, in fact, only a choice of evils.

The true remedy is to be found not in local elections, but in non-partisan appointment and in a reasonable tenure. If such appointments are impracticable, then elections would be, upon the whole, better. But the appointment need not depend upon the members of Congress. Not only is their nomination of an officer always suspicious, but the department has no remedy if it is found to be corrupt, except indirectly by promoting Congressional investigation. It is this system of appointment by members of both Houses of Congress which has produced the evils against which there is so general a protest. Happily, however, the departments may make their own rules in regard to appointments, and an administration in perfect accord with the intelligent sentiment of the country upon the subject may readily in four years introduce and establish a practice so satisfactory that no party would dare to disturb it.

THE BEST SERVICE, ETC.

WE learn that at the first meeting of the new cabinet it was decided that members of Congress should no longer dictate nominations. Their representations will be respectfully heard, but they are not to forget that the Constitution makes the Executive, with the Senate, the appointing power. And the impregnable position, familiar to every man who has seriously considered the subject, was taken, that as the House impeaches public officers, and the Senate tries them under impeachment, it is not to be presumed that they will be eager to displace those whom individual Senators and Representatives have put in place for their own advantage. It is a significant coincidence that this decision of the cabinet and the resignation of Senator CAMERON, of Pennsylvania, were simultaneous. The decision was a mortal blow at the system by which the Senator has obtained and used power. His leadership has consisted not in moral or mental superiority, but in his command of patronage. Such was not the leadership of CHATHAM, of OTIS, of SUMNER, but of "Brother Hiley" and "Brother Bragg," in CANNING'S distich. It is not leadership at all, it is tradership.

The kind of traffic that is carried on in the civil service is various. Senators trade to acquire influence and control. But Representatives, under the existing system, have the opportunity of selling offices outright for money. The great mass of the postmasters are appointed directly by the department, and the practice has been to be governed by the recommendation of the member of Congress from the district in which the appointment is to be made, if he were of the Administration party. The member, in fact, appointed the postmaster. The kind of bargain that this produces, among those who hold that "all's fair in politics," is obvious. It is illustrated by some letters, recently republished in Minnesota, of Mr. MARK H. DUNNELL, a Representative in the late and in the

next Congress. The letters were addressed to a postmaster, and show more plainly than any thing we could say the character of the system. Multiplying the transactions implied in these letters by thousands and thousands in every part of the country, it will be easy to understand what is meant by the corruption of the present system of the civil service.

It is unnecessary to say that we know nothing whatever of Mr. DUNNELL or his political friends or foes. The letters speak for themselves. They are the letters of a member of Congress to a postmaster.

"OWATONNA, *November* 16, 1874.

"*Mr. Meigs:*

"DEAR SIR,—I have seen Judge HARWOOD, and he complains at treatment that he says he has received from you and others in our party; that you have held meetings and resolved to starve him out and drive him out of the town, etc., etc. He appeals to me for protection. He says the party owe him seventy-five dollars, and would pay it but for the opposition of yourself and others. I want to re-appoint you, and will do so if he can be made to feel safe. It is not policy to wage war against him. Let me hear from you or see you. Yours truly, M. H. DUNNELL."

Mr. MEIGS evidently held out during the winter, but it was in vain:

"OWATONNA, *April* 29, 1875.

"FRIEND MEIGS,—HARWOOD says he must have that seventy dollars and fifty cents this week, etc. Now from what has been said, he must be paid, and so end the row. I will return the fifty dollars if you say so, or one-half of the seventy dollars and fifty cents, and you make up the balance and take a receipt from him. I am sorry to have you pay more, but you will be let alone from this. I have paid three hundred and fifty dollars of campaign debts since I got home, and have two hundred and eighty dollars to pay out of my pocket. The fight nearly ruined me. Let me hear from you by return mail.

"Yours, M. H. DUNNELL."

Mr. MEIGS evidently yielded, that he might "get the office in an honorable way:"

"OWATONNA, *May* 1, 1875.

"*Mr. Meigs:*

"DEAR SIR,—Inclosed is a P. O. order for thirty-five dollars and twenty-five cents, one-half of the amount. I do not think I should pay more of this. There are still four hundred dollars of debts to be paid, and for the office you hold you have not paid one-tenth what I have. I mean I paid ten times what you name, and your office has more money in it than mine. There are two overdue campaign notes now at the bank here. I do not see how I can return the thirty-five dollars and twenty-five cents, but the demand was made to settle up with him, and he must have it, no matter about the nature of the claim. The promise was made in your interest, for your benefit, that you could get the office in an honorable way and without a row.

"Yours, M. H. D."

The nominating Convention was now apparently approaching, and we find three brief notes, without date—orders upon the field, as it were:

"FRIEND MEIGS,—I am not satisfied with the current of affairs in your county. Can not you organize for the towns? I will see that the expenses are met. Can my outside men do you any good? Don't let PAGE intimidate you.

"Yours, DUNNELL."

"DEAR SIR,—Yours received. You go prepared to Grand Meadow to meet just expectations and promises as to the expenses of delegates. Keep the ball in motion. Yours, DUNNELL."

"Don't fail to offer to meet expenses of going to County Convention when necessary, and I will pay back. Yours truly, DUNNELL."

Upon referring to the register of the next Congress, we find the name of Mr. DUNNELL, and it is therefore to be presumed that all expenses were satisfactorily met. We are afraid that Mr. DUNNELL will agree with Mr. CAMERON that the President and his cabinet are foolishly theoretical, and bent upon trying doubtful experiments.

THE FIRST SIGN.

THE result of the New Hampshire election is very gratifying. It is the first immediate popular response to the words and acts of President HAYES, and shows that there is no fear or doubt among those who supported his election. Not only is his majority more than sustained in an ordinary State election, when the figures of the preceding Presidential year are seldom reached, but there is a Republican gain in members of Congress, which brings the next House nearer to a tie. The election in New Hampshire is but one of many signs of the unalterable opposition of intelligent Northern sentiment to Democratic ascendency under such control as that of which the country had a plain glimpse in the closing hours of the late Congress. Colonel INGERSOLL in his late lecture did but justice to the manly patriotism of the Southern Democratic leaders in withstanding the Bourbons of the North. Could they have had their way, could FIELD and KNOTT and COX and SPRINGER and BEEBE, and the other anarchists and revolutionists, have prevailed, the country would have been plunged into immeasurable calamity.

It is the instinctive recoil of an intelligent, industrious, and conscientious people like those of the Northern States from the mad fury of the spirit of '93 in France which explains the steady and virtually solid opposition of the North to Democratic supremacy. For that element shows itself only in the Democratic party. Thus, in the last desperate struggle of the revolutionists in the House on the 2d of March, just after the Speaker had declared that the Chair would no longer submit to the disturbance, and had appealed to the members to be in order, a Mr. SPARKS, of Illinois, shouted, "The Chair is simply the Speaker of this House of Representatives. We are the representatives of the people." It was precisely the spirit and tone of the old French Convention. It was an appeal from the lawful order instituted by the House itself to the passions of a mob. That was the feeling upon which the anarchists played. It was happily resisted by Southern Democratic leaders, and by FERNANDO WOOD, and others from the North, in accord with the Republicans. But it was a thoroughly Democratic element, and it is this element, always strong in the Democratic party, which the country has now plainly seen, and which deepens the invincible distrust of that party in this part of the Union.

There is now no question before the country which, so far as appears, can not be settled upon the general principles announced by the President, by co-operation between the better elements of both parties. The only plausible pretext for the existence of the Democratic party is what is called local self-government at the South. The Democratic interpretation of that phrase is practical disregard of equal rights, race hatred, and white supremacy at all costs. The Republican interpretation is race amity, and the consequent natural leadership of intelligence. Toward this interpretation the Southern leaders incline. This is the key-note of the policy of the Administration, as stated by the President in his inaugural address. This is the wise and just solution of the problem. And the result of the New Hampshire election is the first significant sign of the hearty national approval which is sure to attend it.

THE REPORT ON CITY GOVERNMENT.

THERE has been no more important document submitted to the Legislature of New York for a long time than the report of the Commission to devise a plan for the government of cities in the State of New York. The Commission was composed of twelve citizens, none of whom, fortunately, were eminent in the offensive sense as politicians, and they were selected from both parties. Mr. EVARTS was the chairman, and the report is signed by ten members, President ANDERSON, of Rochester, having declined to serve. Upon one point Mr. SAMUEL HAND, of Albany, dissents, but he signs the report. The Commission has devoted more than a year to its labors, and has finally presented a masterly report, showing with what fidelity and comprehension the work has been done. There is no question more immediately important than that which it has had to consider, and it is refreshing to have a great public question treated in a thoroughly intelligent manner by citizens of the highest character and ability. Whatever may be the fate of their suggestions, the State owes the gentlemen of the Commission the most grateful recognition of their service.

The report is singularly clear and well-ordered. It begins by exposing the existing evils of city government. These are the accumulation of permanent municipal debt and the excessive increase of the annual ordinary expenses. The causes of these evils are, first, incompetent and unfaithful governing boards and officers; second, the introduction of State and national politics into municipal affairs; and third, the assumption by the Legislature of the direct control of local affairs. Under the first of these divisions the report states that one-half of all the present city debts is the direct result of the intentional and corrupt misrule of the governing bodies, and that the present aggregate of municipal debts in the State would not have amounted to one-third of the present sum, nor the annual taxation to one-half of its present amount, had there been competency and fidelity in local administration. The intrusion of general party politics into municipal elections, the report attributes to the great prizes for personal ambition in State and national politics, which induce the contestants to keep up the party feeling and organization under all circumstances. Then there is a large class who live by politics, or who gamble in them, or who crave the excitement of party contests. And finally the great majority of citizens who take no active political part, but who act with their parties, and who, in their necessary ignorance of candidates, at last play into the hands of the managers by going with their party. The reasons of the evils of direct and detailed municipal control by the Legislature are evident. The members have not time. They have not the knowledge of details. They have no sense of personal interest or responsibility to constituents. The system leads to hopeless intricacies and contradiction of laws, and to the most monstrous and corrupt perversion of special legislation.

From the statement of the evils in the existing system of city governments, the report proceeds to dispose of various remedies that have been suggested. Careful penal laws for neglect or unfaithfulness have been proposed; but the trouble is that it is part of the very evils to be corrected that they prevent the enforcement of such laws. Legislative control is constantly invoked; but the report has already shown the fallacy of such a remedy. The withdrawal or limitation of local power by the State is suggested; but this would not prevent waste or theft, it would only limit the amount of funds to be stolen. On the other hand, total abolition of legislative intervention has been proposed; but experience has shown that occasional resort to it may sometimes be absolutely necessary. Another plan is to give great powers to the Mayor; but this would invest him with the control of vast sums of money and the command of immense patronage, and an officer of this kind, however corrupt, could not easily be displaced. Again, civil service reform would not be practicable in a city while it had no hold in the State or national governments. There are those who hope to correct existing evils by arousing a general interest in politics, and by the attendance of the virtuous at primary meetings; but experience has proved the futility of such fond expectations. Good citizens have lost heart under the necessity not only of paying heavy taxes to support government, but of giving a great deal of time and labor to protect themselves against the neglect or fraud of those who are liberally paid to carry on the government. All these things show that the existing system of municipal administration is founded upon some fundamental error, and amendment must therefore begin at the foundation.

This is the general preliminary statement of this excellent report. The Commission has little doubt of public agreement in its estimate of the actual situation, and proceeds to consider the merits of the plan which it suggests. The discussion of this plan we shall reserve for next week. The Commission is entitled to the most careful representation of its views, and the subject itself demands a general and thorough attention from the press and the public.

PERSONAL.

MASONRY seems to be conducive to longevity. Almost daily we read of men who have grown astonishingly old under its influence. The latest instance is that of Dr. ELIJAH PRATT, of Castleton, Richmond County, New York, a Royal Arch Mason, who has attained the age of ninety-one years. He first entered the order in 1812, and has therefore been a Mason sixty-five years. He probably ranks any one who has experienced what is sometimes playfully alluded to as the gridiron business in the United States.

—American books have attracted a great deal of attention in Russia within the past ten years. A Russian translation of Dr. DRAPER'S *Intellectual Development of Europe* has met with a large sale, and the same success has attended Miss JOHNSON'S fascinating volume, *The Catskill Fairies*, of which a Russian translation was published at St. Petersburg as a holiday book. And now we learn that Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF'S admirable work on *The Communistic Societies of North America* has also received the compliment of translation into Russian, and that its publication in St. Petersburg is looked forward to as an important literary event. Mr. NORDHOFF'S book created a profound sensation in the Old World, where it was justly hailed as the most lucid statement that has yet appeared of the communistic theories and practices prevailing in this country.

—Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY writes that he is certain that the Presidential struggle in America has seated the royal family of England more firmly on its throne, and that he has not heard of a republican gathering in six months.

—The venerable JEREMIAH S. BLACK is famous for his little anecdotes even where things of serious import are concerned. One day during the late debate on the Electoral Bill he was strolling in his abstracted way about the floor of the House of Representatives, when a Pennsylvania member, a Democrat, said to him, "Judge, how ought I to vote on this bill? I want to do right, but really there are so many things to be urged on both sides of this measure that I don't know what to do. What shall I do?" The judge, in his benign way, said, "I don't wish to counsel any violent change in your habits, my dear Sir, but perhaps it would be worth while for you and a good many of your associates to try for a while—not rashly, but by degrees—the experiment of doing your duty."

—The wife of Secretary R. W. THOMPSON says that Mr. THOMPSON is "a great talker." It is said that although nearly sixty-eight years old he has the intellectual vigor and elasticity of youth, and is as handsome a gentleman of the old school as can be found in any of the older States. His forehead is bold and broad, and the snowy hair is brushed back from it something after the old Jacksonian stylé. The eyebrows are dark, and overhang a pair of wonderfully bright, expressive eyes. The dark brows give form and character to the face, and the clear eyes are active, observing every thing, full of good humor, ready to twinkle with fun or moisten with pity or grief, yet betraying the shrewd intellect, the sharp perceptive powers, the well-balanced mind, that have placed the owner in the front rank of lawyers and politicians. It is a fine face, sunny and smiling, and, in spite of the wrinkles, as fresh and fair as the face of a boy. The jaws show will-power and determination, the mouth is mobile and expressive, and upon the lips gravity and good humor seem ever struggling for precedence. He is very neatly dressed in a broadcloth suit of modern cut, wears a shiny silk hat, and the regular standing dickey collar and black cravat of the old school. He smokes incessantly. Indeed, it is hardly possible to catch him awake without a cigar in his mouth, which cigars he has made expressly for himself. When he was studying for his book on the Papacy he found that a knowledge of Latin, German, and French was necessary. He accordingly learned to read those languages—which was a bit of work particularly noticeable in a man more than sixty years old. He has a rare and valuable library.

—The Rev. Mr. MURRAY was recently asked, at one of his weekly evening talks on Friday, to explain the character of a chariot such as the kings of Judah rode in. He said, in reply: "They were a good deal like the Boston horse-cars in one respect at least—whoever rode in them had to ride standing. We have enlarged the chariots in our day, but the chief characteristic is still kept. They had other resemblances. They had no springs; they often got off the track; and the men who were inside had straps to hold on to, to keep them from bumping out. And they had to hold on, too. It was a heroic process to ride in one of those old chariots. They were the only sure antidote for dyspepsia, it is likely, that the world has ever seen."

—One of those dashing, restless, venturesome men who have come to the Atlantic slope from the Pacific is Mr. KEENE, late of San Francisco, a director and stockholder to the amount of a million in the Bank of California. He came to this country from England when a mere lad, and with his father migrated to the Pacific coast. At the age of nineteen he was the Democratic editor of a newspaper at Shasta, in one of the mountain counties of California, and by the terseness and perspicuity of his articles commanded general attention. His first personal difficulty occurred here, growing out of a sharp opposition to the Hon. CHARLES A. WASHBURNE, afterward United States minister to Paraguay. He is a rapid and suggestive writer, and his sketches of mountain and personal life are among the most readable reminiscences of the early days of El Dorado. Removing to San Francisco, he engaged in speculation, and in a few years became the leader of the San Francisco market. It was Mr. KEENE who successfully antagonized the Big Bonanza firm of FLOOD & O'BRIEN, and by his boldness and shrewdness not only saved millions to others, but made millions for himself. Describing him personally, a correspondent of the Buffalo *Courier* writes that "he looks like any thing but a speculative Mephistopheles. Forty years will cover his age, and his face is as 'child-like and bland' as the Oriental Ah-Sin. Slim in figure, faultless in dress, unassuming in manner, sensible and refined in conversation, frank in expression, and generous in act, he has already apparently that place among his new Eastern friends to which all gentlemen belong." His wife is a Virginian, and his father, whom he made rich, is now living in Paris. What success Mr. KEENE may encounter in Wall Street remains to be seen; but it is a reasonable assumption that a man who is accustomed to engage in enterprises involving millions of dollars, who has to-day upward of 1,000,000 bushels of wheat *en route* to Europe, and who within thirty days has made over $200,000, is not likely to be seriously deceived by even the sharpest of New York operators.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ON the 10th inst., Secretaries M'Crary, Thompson, and Devens were confirmed as members of the President's cabinet by a unanimous vote. Secretaries Evarts, Schurz, and Key were confirmed almost unanimously. The new cabinet was sworn in on the 12th, and entered immediately upon its work.

United States Senator Simon Cameron, on the 12th, offered his resignation, to take effect when his successor is appointed.

On the 13th, ex-Secretary Morrill, of Maine, was nominated and confirmed as Collector of Customs for the Portland and Falmouth district of his State. On the 14th, John J. Knox was nominated and confirmed as Comptroller of the Currency. On the 15th, Frederick Douglass was nominated to be United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, and Hon. George S. Boutwell to be a commissioner to prepare a new edition of the Revised Statutes. The latter was confirmed. On the 16th, Frederick W. Seward was nominated and confirmed as Assistant Secretary of State, James N. Tyner as First Assistant Postmaster-General, and Thomas L. James as Postmaster of the City of New York.

The New Hampshire State election, held on the 13th, resulted in a victory for the Republicans by a majority of about 3500. The Republicans have two Congressmen, and the Democrats one. It is thought that all the constitutional amendments were carried except those abolishing the religious test for office, which have probably failed.

The bark *Lousberghaus*, with a cargo of salt, bound from Liverpool to Baltimore, was wrecked on Lookout Shoal, North Carolina, on the 12th. Six of the crew of thirteen were drowned.

Peter B. Sweeny returned to this city from Europe on the 15th.

General George B. M'Clellan has been nominated to be Superintendent of Public Works of the State of New York.

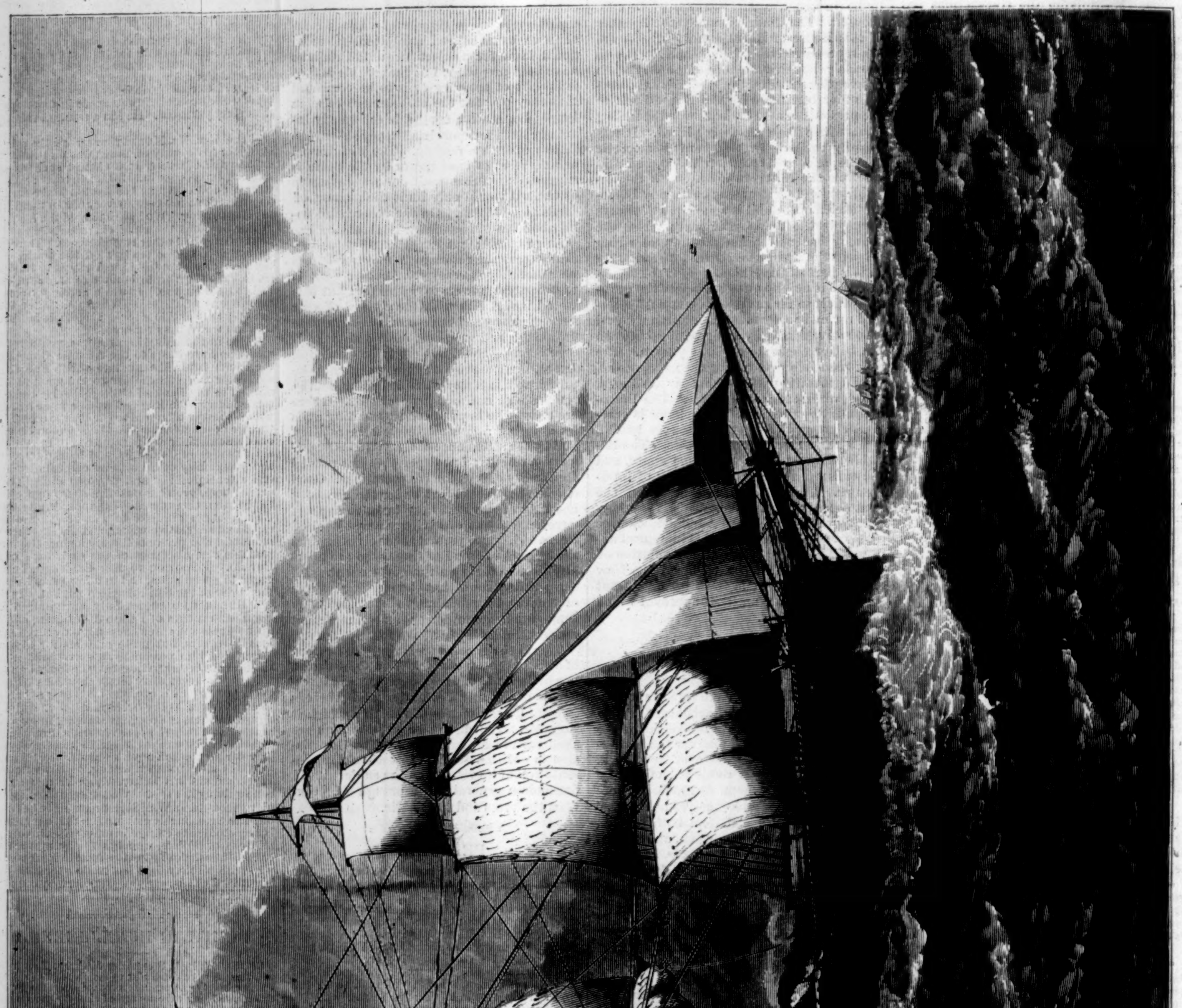
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Eastern war question is still an open one. In the British House of Commons, on the 16th, Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to an inquiry by the Marquis of Hartington, said: "The present situation is this. The British government has received from Russia a proposal to join in a protocol which will embody the views of the powers as to the situation in the East. A draft of the protocol, as prepared by Russia and given to Lord Derby on Sunday, has been considered by the cabinet. Modifications of the language were proposed, which amendments were placed in the hands of Count Schouvaloff, who could only receive them *ad referendum*, and is awaiting instructions from Russia."

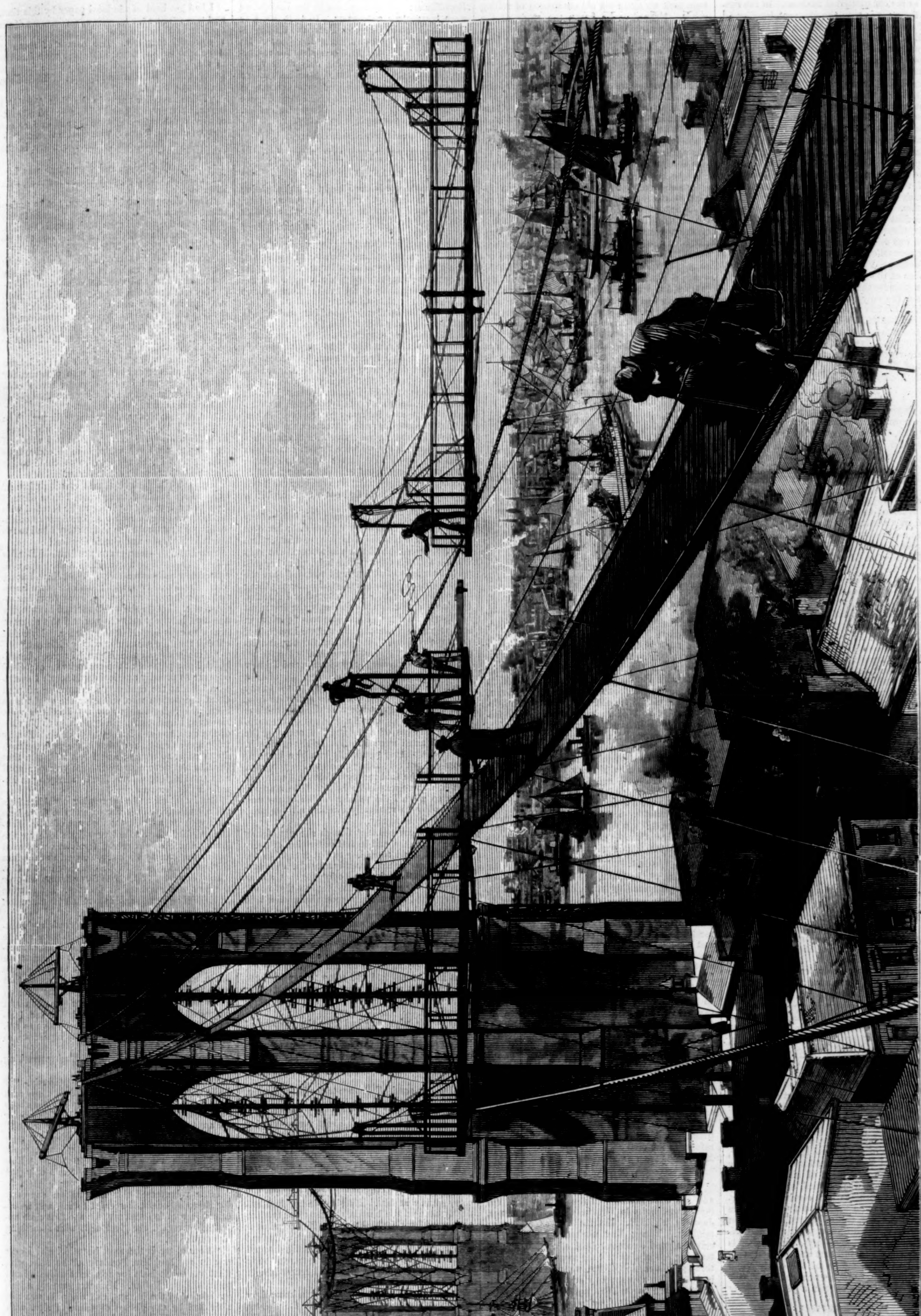
An Egyptian man-of-war, cruising in the Gulf of Suez to break up the slave traffic, took fire and was entirely destroyed. Twenty lives were lost. All the Europeans on board were saved.

The following important news has been received from the Darien Canal Expedition: Notwithstanding some difficulties which have presented themselves, it is certain that the Commission will return with a favorable solution, and that the canal will be executed at the Darien route. The labors of the exploration will not be concluded for several days.

In the debate on the budget in the German Reichstag, on the 13th, Herr Besancon, Deputy from and Mayor of Metz, made a speech describing the ruinous state of affairs in his constituency, and asked for self-government for Alsace and Lorraine. He quoted statistics showing that property in Lorraine now is worth only half what it was before annexation. The ultramontane Deputies applauded the speech.



THE NEW UNITED STATES FRIGATE "TRENTON."—Drawn by Granville Perkins.—[See Page 250.]



A PROMENADE IN MID-AIR.—THE BROOKLYN ASCENT TO THE BRIDGE TOWER.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 254.]

THE CABINET.

ON our first page will be found the portraits of the gentlemen whom President HAYES has selected as his constitutional advisers. In the centre of the page is seen the clear-cut, intellectual face of the new Secretary of State, WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS, a native of Massachusetts, but for many years a citizen of New York. Mr. EVARTS was born in Boston, February 6, 1818. After a preparatory course of education in his native city, he entered Yale College, where he graduated with honor in 1837. Having chosen the legal profession, he entered the Harvard Law School, and on the conclusion of his course there, came to this city, and was admitted to the bar in 1841. His great abilities soon raised him to the position of a leader in the profession. In 1851 Mr. EVARTS was appointed United States District Attorney for this district, and the same year he was also one of the Governors of the Almshouse, now known as the Commissioners of Charities and Correction. From July 15, 1868, until the close of President JOHNSON'S administration he was Attorney-General of the United States, and in 1871 he was selected by President GRANT as the leading counsel of the United States at the Geneva arbitration. Two years ago he was appointed a member of the Charter Commission formed to report a plan for the better government of cities. These are the only official positions Mr. EVARTS has held. He has never, indeed, been ambitious of political honors, his life having been devoted to the profession in which he has won the highest distinction. Even an outline sketch of his legal career would fill pages of the *Weekly*. Our portrait of Mr. EVARTS is engraved from a photograph by ROCKWOOD.

JOHN SHERMAN.

JOHN SHERMAN, the new Secretary of the Treasury, was born at Lancaster, Ohio, May 10, 1823. His brother, General SHERMAN, enjoyed the advantages of a West Point education, but to JOHN SHERMAN only the common schools of his native county were open, and he left them at fourteen years of age to make his way in the world. For several years he was attached to the engineer corps of the Muskingum improvement. He afterward removed to Mansfield, where he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1844. He soon won a lucrative practice, and attained, while quite a young man, a leading position both at the bar and in politics. In 1848 and 1852 he was a delegate to the Whig National Conventions, and was a warm supporter of both General TAYLOR and General SCOTT for the Presidency. During the political excitement of 1854 which followed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, he became a candidate for Congress from the Thirteenth Ohio District, and he was elected, in a district which had previously been Democratic, by the aid of Whigs, Democrats, and Free-soilers. He was subsequently re-elected to the Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth, and Thirty-seventh Congresses, and in 1859-60 he was the Republican candidate for Speaker of the House of Representatives. After an exciting contest of six weeks, Mr. PENNINGTON, of New Jersey, was chosen, Mr. SHERMAN lacking only one or two votes to secure his election. Mr. SHERMAN was elected to the Senate in 1861, to succeed Senator CHASE, who had accepted a position in President LINCOLN'S cabinet. He has been for many years the chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance. Our portrait of Mr. SHERMAN is from a photograph by BRADY.

CARL SCHURZ.

CARL SCHURZ, appointed Secretary of the Interior, was born at Siblar, near Cologne, March 2, 1829. He was educated at the Gymnasium of Cologne and the University of Bonn. His early life was full of adventure. In the revolution of 1848 he was active in the cause of popular liberty, and on the failure of the movement he was compelled to seek refuge in a foreign land. After some years' residence in Switzerland, England, and France, he came to this country in 1852, remained for three years in Philadelphia, and then settled at Madison, Wisconsin. Mr. SCHURZ took an active part in the FREMONT campaign, and in the Republican National Convention of 1860 he was recognized as a leader of great force and influence. President LINCOLN recognized his political services by appointing him minister to Spain. His revolutionary career standing in the way of his cordial reception by the Spanish government, Mr. SCHURZ resigned, and accepted a position in the army as Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He rose to be Major-General, and distinguished himself in several important actions. Mr. SCHURZ was an earnest advocate of the first nomination of General GRANT for the Presidency; but, while Senator from Missouri, he became alienated from the administration, joined the opposition, with Senator SUMNER and others, and was active in the organization of the Liberal Republican party, which supported Mr. GREELEY for the Presidency in 1872. On the expiration of his term in the Senate, Mr. SCHURZ went abroad, and was every where received with marked courtesy and cordiality. Last year he took an active part in the Presidential canvass, and advocated the election of General HAYES with great vigor and enthusiasm. Though of foreign birth, Mr. SCHURZ is thoroughly American in heart and thought, well acquainted with the affairs of the country and with the requirements of his new position. Our portrait of Mr. SCHURZ is from a photograph by MORA.

R. W. THOMPSON.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON, the new Secretary of the Navy, is a native of Virginia, but long a resident of Indiana. He was born in Culpepper County, June 9, 1809. Of good old Virginia stock, he received an education suited to his social position; but his love of adventure led him, before he became of age, into the wilds of Kentucky. After roving about for several years, he settled in Louisville as a clerk in an extensive mercantile house. Becoming tired of his prosaic round of duties, he went to Lawrence County, Indiana, and taught school for a few months, but soon took up again his old occupation of selling goods. Meanwhile he began the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1834. In the same year he was elected to the Indiana Legislature; was re-elected in 1835, and in the following year was elected to the State Senate. He served two years in the Senate, being for a time its President *pro tem.* and acting Lieutenant-Governor. In the exciting campaign of 1840 he took the stump for the Whig candidate, General HARRISON, and voted for him as Presidential elector. In 1841 he was elected a Representative to Congress for the term ending in 1843; in 1844 he was again a Presidential elector, and in 1847 he was elected a second time to Congress. Since 1849 he has devoted himself to the practice of his profession at Terre Haute, declining a re-election to Congress, and also refusing several important public offices. He still, however, retained his interest in politics. He was the author of the resolutions adopted by the Chicago Convention in 1860, a firm supporter of the government during the war, and cast his vote for LINCOLN as Presidential elector in 1864. In 1868 he was a delegate to the Republican National Convention, and was the chairman of the Indiana delegation at the Cincinnati Convention last year. Though sixty-eight years of age, Mr. THOMPSON is a man full of strength and vigor; with a figure tall, straight, and commanding, a countenance of great strength and intelligence, his presence is at once inspiring and pleasing. As a speaker he is one of the best ever heard in our political campaigns. Our portrait of Mr. THOMPSON is from a photograph by D. H. WRIGHT.

CHARLES E. DEVENS.

CHARLES E. DEVENS, the new Attorney-General, was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 4, 1820. He entered Harvard College in 1834, and in 1841 was admitted to the bar, beginning his practice in Franklin County. In 1846 he was elected to the State Senate, and was appointed United States Marshal for Massachusetts in 1849, holding the office until 1853. As a government officer he was obliged, though with great reluctance, to take part in the rendition of the fugitive slave THOMAS SIMS to his master, in accordance with the legal decision. When LYDIA MARIA CHILD was soliciting subscriptions to repurchase SIMS from his master, in the autumn of 1860, General DEVENS voluntarily offered to take upon himself the whole cost of the purchase. Before the negotiation was completed, the civil war broke out, and General DEVENS gave up a lucrative practice in Worcester to enlist in the volunteer service. In the spring of 1861 he received the appointment of Major, and in the autumn of the same year he took command of the Fifteenth Regiment, and served with distinction during M'CLELLAN'S Peninsula campaign. He took an active part in the protracted siege of Yorktown, and distinguished himself in the bloody and decisive action at Williamsburg which shortly followed. While before Yorktown he was appointed Brigadier-General, and served with credit in the Army of the Potomac during the remainder of the war. From September, 1865, to June, 1866, General DEVENS was Military Governor of the Eastern District of South Carolina, when he was mustered out of service. In 1867 he was appointed Associate Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts. He retained that position until October, 1873, when he was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and held that office until his appointment to the cabinet.

GEORGE W. M'CRARY.

GEORGE W. M'CRARY, the new Secretary of War, was born in Evansville, Indiana, August 29, 1835. Soon after his birth his parents removed to Wisconsin Territory, and settled in that part of it which afterward became the State of Iowa. He received a fair education in a Western academy, and then became a student of law, in 1854, in Keokuk. He was a diligent and intelligent student, and was admitted to the bar in 1856. The following year he was elected to the State Legislature, and in 1861 he was chosen State Senator. In 1868 he was first elected a Representative in Congress from Iowa, and he has since been reelected to each succeeding Congress. Mr. M'CRARY is a quiet, methodical worker, and since 1870 he has held the position of chairman of the Committee on Elections while his party was in the majority in the House. His Congressional record has been admirable and without reproach. He has steadily opposed land grants, fought sturdily all monopolies, insisted from the first upon retrenchment and economy, voted to abolish the franking privilege, and has been one of the most prominent advocates of a thorough and radical reform in the civil service. Our portrait of Mr. M'CRARY is from a photograph by BRADY.

DAVID M. KEY.

DAVID M. KEY, the new Postmaster-General, and the only member of the cabinet from the South, was born in Greene County, Tennessee, January 27, 1824. His father was a Baptist minister. Young KEY worked on a farm, received a good common-school education, and by teaching school obtained the means to carry him through Hiawassie College, where he graduated in 1850. He subsequently studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1853, and settled in Chattanooga, where he has since resided. In 1861 Mr. KEY joined the Confederate army, as Lieutenant-Colonel of a Tennessee regiment. He served through the war, and surrendered in North Carolina with the army under General JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON. His old friend President JOHNSON granted him a pardon in 1865. In 1869 Mr. KEY was a member of the State Constitutional Convention, and was earnest in securing the rights of full citizenship to the colored people, with whom he is very popular. His course as a Democrat has been so liberal as to win the respect, admiration, and often the support of Republicans. The county of Hamilton, in which he resides, is Republican; but its members in the Legislature were his zealous supporters. In 1875 Mr. KEY was appointed by Governor PORTER to fill the vacant seat of ANDREW JOHNSON in the Senate. He was recently defeated as a candidate for re-election to that position, lacking only three votes. His defeat was owing to his non-partisan course in regard to the Mississippi investigation, in which he was the only Democratic Senator who voted with the Republicans. Our portrait of Mr. KEY is from a photograph by BRADY.

"SHE SHINES ME DOWN."

By ANNIE THOMAS.

I WRITE the words unwillingly. I acknowledge the fact grudgingly. Still, the words are true, and the fact is an accomplished one. She does shine me down. Why she should do so, remains to be shown.

I must tell my story in my own way, in order to make you, my readers, understand it and me. If my own way seems an egotistical one, I am sorry for it; but let me explain at once that the egotism is a growth of my brother's culture, not of mine.

He—my brother Dundas—and I are such friends that he invariably forgets that I am only a woman, and therefore expects his circle in particular and the world in general to treat me with as much consideration as if I were a man. It galled him terribly, therefore, when the girl he married began to find gentle fault with me.

The home to which Dundas brought his wife had been mine from my babyhood, and my forefathers' before me for many generations. It had been good enough for us Pendarveses, and we Pendarveses had been good enough for the neighborhood. Accordingly, we were thrown out of gear when Mrs. Dundas Pendarves began to discover flaws and failings about us. Her acumen in this matter was the more painful to me because it was some time before I did find out a fault or failing in her.

She was a very pretty woman, this bride of my brother's. Her skin was rosy and fair; her eyes were dewy and blue; her hair was luxuriant, warm chestnut in color, and silky in texture. In stature she was below the middle height, but her proportions were so full and well rounded that she never gave one the impression of being any thing but rather a fine woman. Altogether I gratified Dundas by declaring unhesitatingly, the first night he brought her home, that she was "perfect in appearance." Even at that juncture I restrained the impulse I had to please him further, and declare her to be "perfect in manner."

She came upon me very suddenly, and I knew not from whence she came. Dundas, after a month's absence in London, wrote to me to say that he should "bring home his wife with him, and that I must greet her with the unsuspicious heartiness of a man, and with none of the carping cautiousness of a woman." I accepted the hint, and acted upon it. But I did not like it. Dundas had never previously bought a horse or a cow without consulting me as to the purchase, whereas all he told me now about his wife was that her name was Lillie Leslie. The surname being so good, I did wonder a little at my new sister-in-law so resolutely evading all questions concerning her family.

I soon discovered that though she was always perfectly at ease, and in full possession of every sense that could teach her to put herself to the best advantage, she frequently missed certain subtle points of breeding and etiquette that are as natural to our class as breathing, but that rarely get ingrafted successfully upon the women who are not to the manner born. It was distasteful to me, for example, to hear her address my brother's men friends by their surnames, and to mark the air of chaffing freedom which she observed toward them in contrast to the rather stolid indifference she displayed toward our lady friends. That Dundas marked the same things with the same feelings as I did was patent to me. But Lillie was his wife, and we did not discuss her between us.

At length, when she had been the mistress of Pendarves House for about three months, she looked up from one of the advertisement columns of the *Times*, which she had been studying with interest, and said, with dancing eyes and heightened color,

"Dundas, send off at once to the Holt Theatre, and secure the best box; Gracie plays there to-night in *The Wandering Heir* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Fancy what a jump she's made—playing leading parts with such a first-rate company! We must all go and see her, and bring her back with us for the night."

Lillie was like a hound tasting blood again after long abstinence from the same, as she made the arrangement. The cat had come out of the bag courageously at last. My sister-in-law had evidently been on the boards, and now was anxious to descend from her high estate as Mrs. Pendarves in order to greet and encourage some old friend whose hard fate it was to be still obliged to toil on them. I liked Lillie for her generous burst of intended recognition of an old fellow-laborer and friend, and began saying,

"Don't waste time, Dundas; you know how quickly every thing is taken when the theatre does open with any thing decent. I'm going for a ride; shall I go into Holt and secure the box myself?"

"No," Dundas thundered out, in the most stentorian voice he had ever used in my presence. "If your sister plays men's parts, my sister shall not see her do it, Lillie."

"She's playing parts that any actress on the stage would be proud to play," Mrs. Pendarves raved out, in giant wrath. "She plays Juliet, and Mrs. John Wood's part in *The Wandering Heir*. Your sister may see her in either without any detriment to her morals."

I had got hold of the local paper by this time, and was reading the lengthy advertisement of the opening of the theatre with successful pieces by a powerful company. The names of some of those who were announced to play were familiar to me, but I could find no one of the name of Leslie, and as Dundas had spoken of Lillie's sister, I was puzzled.

"I don't see her name in the Holt *Herald*," I began, interrogatively, and Lillie rose up and looked over my shoulder impatiently; and said, as she pointed out the words "Miss Gracie Gordon,"

"Are you blind, not to see her name, in the biggest type?"

"But that's Gordon, and your name was Leslie," I began, stupidly; and Lillie answered, with irritation,

"How slow you are, how green, not to understand such a common theatrical practice! My name was no more Leslie than hers is Gordon. Our real name was not such a lovely one that we sighed to see it on the bills—was it, Dundas?"

"Never mind that now, Lillie," he said, with something like vexation in his tone. But she disregarded him, and went on, volubly,

"My real name was Eliza Chubb, Miss Pendarves, and my sister was christened Sarah. We shouldn't have done much good for ourselves, for all our lovely faces, if we hadn't changed them, I can tell you. By-the-way, Kate, get Mr. Talbot to go with us to-night, will you?"

"If Dundas will write and ask him, or let me do so," I answered, blushing with pleasure, for Bryan Talbot and I were engaged lovers of a week's standing only, and the mere thought of seeing him filled me with delight.

"Of course; write and ask him to dinner. You wouldn't think of going without him, would you, Kate?" Dundas said, kindly. And so I wrote off my note to my lover, urging him to come, little recking that I was urging him to come to his disgrace and my most cruel sorrow.

How splendid he looked that evening when he came to me in the drawing-room before dinner! How proud I was of my lover as he listened with his high-bred air of rather supercilious astonishment and disapprobation to the story I had to tell about Lillie Leslie and Gracie Gordon!

"So Dundas—dear, grave, prudent old Dundas—has let himself be trapped into a marriage with a third-rate unknown actress. Well, Kate, I never liked Mrs. Pendarves, and I shall be more impatient now than ever to get you away from her atmosphere. I hope she won't succeed in bringing about an intimacy between you and this sister of hers who calls herself Gracie Gordon. My wife's *clientèle* must be something widely different."

"Exactly as you like, Bryan," I agreed, heartily, for I was pleased at the authority he exercised over me so proudly and lovingly, though I smarted a little at the contemptuous tone he adopted about the woman who, whatever she might have been, was indisputably now my brother's wife. However, I said nothing in opposition to his view of the case, nor was I tempted to do so. Family pride was as ruling a passion in me as in the man I was going to marry; and I felt with him that Dundas had done a grave indignity to our good name and high social position by marrying so immeasurably beneath him.

But I cast all these depressing considerations aside, and enjoyed my dinner, and the drive into Holt with Bryan, and the first act of *The Wandering Heir*. Bryan had very little love for the drama, and his light regard for it was weakened in this instance by his intense chagrin at the fact that my brother should be connected with that special exponent of it whose name figured all over the town on posters and sandwiches. But in spite of himself he was stirred into admiration as soon as Phillipa came upon the scene.

I recall with a shudder the expression of rapturous admiration which flooded his face as the beautiful actress went through her frank, attractive, hoydenish part with irresistible fascination and daring. It almost startled me to see his eyes dilate, and to mark the two spots of color that came upon his cheeks as he riveted his gaze on the wild, gay girl who defied her guardian and quarreled with his son. So had he looked, I remembered, the day he first spoke of love to me. I could not bear this remembrance in silence, so I whispered, softly,

"Do you admire her, Bryan? She's something like Lillie, isn't she?"

"Like Lillie!" he echoed, contemptuously. "If Lillie were half as lovely as this Venus, any man could find it in his heart to forgive Dundas's folly in marrying her. Just look at that! Did you ever see any thing so exquisitely graceful in your life?"

"Gracie will make a sensation when she goes back to London playing leading parts, won't she?" Lillie remarked, triumphantly. "How beautiful the child has grown! She's only just eighteen."

Lillie volunteered this information expressly for Bryan's benefit, it seemed to me, and he received it with interest, and for the first time appeared to regard the giver of it with something like cordiality.

"Your sister is the most beautiful girl I ever saw in my life, Mrs. Pendarves," he said, with what was enthusiasm for aristocratically cool and reserved Bryan Talbot. My heart gave me a jealous qualm at the instant, and the pain was not alleviated by the glance of triumph shot with malice which Lillie darted at me.

"Kate has always told me you took no interest in theatrical matters," Lillie went on, suavely. "I felt half repentant as soon as I had made the suggestion that you should come with us to-night. I expected that you would despise my poor Gracie, and see neither good looks in her nor grace in her playing. I'm most agreeably disappointed."

"I don't see why you should have supposed Bry-

an to be either blind or stupid, Lillie," I put in, with unwise warmth. The truth was, my prophetic soul told me that these two sisters would in some way or other make me regret more than ever that Dundas had not taken to wife one of the guileless daughters of the land. These latter might not be quite so fair to look upon as were these two women with the spurious Christian names, but the weapons they would have used against me would have been weapons of which custom had taught me the use, whereas these actresses were so accustomed to sham daggers and fictitious poisoned bowls that they would regard their right to use the real articles (if it suited their purpose to do so) as an indisputable one.

Rather against my brother's wishes, Lillie made two or three visits behind the scenes that night. "You can't placard the fact all over Holt of Miss Gracie Gordon being your sister," he growled. "Why can't you wait till you get her home to talk to her."

"My dear Dundas, I know Gracie too well to wait for such a forlorn hope," Lillie laughed gayly. "When I get her home she will have you and Bryan to talk to, and she never wastes her conversational powers on women when men are by to be charmed; anyway, I'm going round to her now."

Accordingly, she had her way (as she always had), and went; and when she came back she told Bryan, with a good deal of laughter, that "Gracie had noticed him, and had made a hundred inquiries about him." And I saw Bryan's refined face flush with pleasure at the coarse compliment.

That evening's entertainment seemed interminable to me, and at the same time I dreaded its coming to a conclusion. When it ended I knew that Gracie would come to us flushed with her triumph and success, and ready to direct the full battery of her charms against my Bryan.

It was over at last, and she came, covered up piquantly enough in an ample black silk Spanish mantilla. It was raining when we were about to start on our seven-mile homeward drive. I had come over with Bryan in his dog-cart, and now, naturally enough, I was preparing to step up and go home in the same order as we came. To my wrath and surprise, Miss Gracie Gordon (between whom and myself the coolest of bows merely had passed at our introduction) interposed.

"You're surely not going home in these pours of rain in an open trap. I wouldn't do it for the best man in England. You must be fond of her society, Mr. Talbot, to make her get wet through to give it to you."

"I think it would be wiser if you went home in the carriage with the rest, Kate," he said.

"You know you've complained a little of your chest lately," Lillie added, in her contemptuous, indifferent way. "I suppose I ought really to come the married woman and chaperon over you, and say, 'Kate, I insist upon your returning with me.'"

"You might insist as much as you pleased," I replied, coolly, and again I made a feint of ascending the dog-cart. To my consternation, Bryan made no effort to assist me; and Dundas entered the army of my oppressors by saying,

"Don't make a fuss, Kate darling; get into the carriage;" and I turned and got in without another word.

To my confused, outraged senses it seemed to me as if they were acting part of a play in that old inn yard. I saw Gracie turn with a good deal of overdone vivacity and coquetry to Bryan, and heard her say, "I have no delicate chest to consider; let me go home in the dog-cart. Your groom can drive me, and you take my place in the carriage."

"I couldn't do that; I couldn't permit that for a moment," he answered. Then there came a few more entreaties and blandishments; and then, without a word of apology or explanation to me, Bryan handed Miss Gordon up into *my* seat, took the reins and jumped up by her side, and drove off, leaving me to follow with my brother and his wife and my own mortified feelings.

"You mustn't be angry with Bryan, Kate," Lillie said to me, heartlessly, after a short time. "Gracie turns every man's head; she can't help doing it. I knew her little habit, and so I didn't let her see Dundas till the morning we were married. But she's a good girl, a very good girl; if she were not, she might be the richest woman in London."

"How?" I asked. But Dundas stopped her giving me the information I asked for by saying,

"For Heaven's sake, Lillie, shut up this style of conversation! You make me regret that I gave you permission to invite your sister over to-night. Our ways won't suit her; and I am very doubtful as to her ways suiting us. She goes to-morrow, doesn't she?"

"No," Lillie said, bluntly. "I'm sorry, if you don't want to have her; but they're going to play at Holt for ten days, and she will stay with us. Now don't give yourself airs about it, Dundas," she added, coaxingly. "Gracie will be very bright and nice while she is here, and she'll go away and forget all about us—all about every one of us. You needn't be afraid."

There was something so irritatingly scornful in her tone that I couldn't help saying, "Afraid of what?"

"He needn't fear that Gracie will take Bryan Talbot away from you with her beauty and her popularity, and the names of the men she has refused at her back. She can afford to wait for something better than Mr. Bryan Talbot."

Will any woman marvel at the fact of my being more incensed at the language in which this promise of safety for Bryan was couched than I had been previously at the idea of his danger?

On the whole, we had a pleasanter supper party that night than I had anticipated. Miss Gracie Gordon, who had dined early, was hungry and thirsty. She devoted herself to the business of eating and drinking in an unhurried, artistic way that admitted of no interruption from Bryan. True, she ordered him to prepare her brandy and soda, and to make her a little cigarette, which she smoked very gracefully. But she neither tried to dazzle him nor to monopolize him; for she was tired, and knew that she had ten days before her.

The next morning I tried hard to be myself, and to exorcise the fiend jealousy. Bryan came by appointment to take me for a ride, and before starting I went in to see Miss Gordon—who had not vouchsafed to grace our breakfast table with her presence—and give her a friendly greeting. She was lying on a couch, the folds of her pale blue silk Watteau morning-gown falling gracefully about her, looking over the columns of the *Era* languidly.

"Are you going out at this unholy hour? I have only just had my bath," she said, looking my hat and habit critically all over.

"I'm often in the saddle by seven when the hounds meet at a distance," I replied. "How did you sleep? Won't you come down on to the lawn?"

"I'll have some breakfast first. What Lillie sent up two hours ago is cold. Will you order something nice for me, and while you're ordering it, send Mr. Talbot up to talk to me? I saw him with you in the garden from my bedroom window."

"He is waiting to start for our ride," I stammered.

"Oh, is he? Well, I'll exert myself to go down and see you start;" and she sprang up lithe and active in a moment and swept down stairs, and out on the hall-door steps where Bryan stood waiting for me.

I know that I can hold my own with any woman when I am in the saddle, and I knew then that once mounted on my bay mare, and settled with her well into a striding gallop over the turf, that I should not compare unfavorably even with the beautiful actress. But I would not seem to hurry him away, and so I stood and waited with the proudest composure I could maintain, while she played off a number of the tricks of her trade upon him, and he took all their garish tinsel for real gold, and thought her the fresh, lovely enthusiast whose part she played so well.

"By Jove!" he was good enough to remark, when at length common decency forbade her detaining him any longer, and we got ourselves away. "She's just as frank and altogether charming a girl in real life as she was last night in the *Wandering Heir*. Pity Dundas didn't marry her instead of Lillie."

"It is indeed," I said, heartily; for at the moment I felt it to be a pity, for my own sake, that she wasn't married to any one—no matter whom—and safely out of my way. "It is indeed, for she's not much more unreal and artificial than Lillie is, and she's better-looking than Lillie—"

"Better-looking than Lillie!" Bryan interrupted, effusively. "She's the loveliest woman God ever created; don't try to damn her with faint praise, Kate. She's a wonderful girl—simply wonderful: as unsullied and unspoiled by that foul atmosphere of flattery and temptation as if she had never breathed it. To think of that girl living in that garish, meretricious world is like thinking of a white lily blooming by the side of a sewer."

"How you must long to transplant her!" I said, with an air of frigid constraint, for my heart was beginning to ache so horribly that I could scarcely speak at all.

"By Jove! I *do*," he exclaimed, with a blunt cruelty that was foreign to all my former experience of him. "Just as I should long to rescue the lily before its purity got tainted by the noxious vapors from the sewer, so do I long to see that girl removed from the slippery pedestal upon which fate has placed her. Don't you feel with me in this matter, Kate? doesn't your heart pity her for the peril her talent and her popularity and beauty have placed her in?"

"I think she can dispense with my pity, she receives so much from you," I said, with a certain bitterness tingeing the misery of my accents. That touched him back to tenderness for a moment.

"My darling Kate," he said, tenderly, coming closer to Flirt's side, and resting his hand after his old manner on the off pommel—"my darling Kate, don't misunderstand me, and don't doubt me."

I was conquered for the instant, and all my fears were exorcised. "Forgive my apparent unreasonableness," I said, humbly (love does subdue us women so supinely); "I dare say she is all that you think her—beautiful and to be pitied, pure as a white lily and in awful peril; but, Bryan, it is hard to hear you so rapturous about her. I felt for a moment or two as Guinevere did about Elaine when she cried out to Lancelot, 'She shines me down.'"

"In other words, you were working yourself into an absurd fit of jealousy," he said, with laughing good humor. "That's not your line of country at all, Kate; you're too good a girl to suspect a fellow of being fickle, and a girl of being false; besides—"

He paused, and I asked, "Besides what?"

"Well, if you will have it, even if I were free, I should hesitate to presume to ask Miss Gordon to be my wife. She was telling me, in her frank, careless way, last night, as we were driving home, that her love for her art is so great that neither rank nor wealth would tempt her to leave the stage. What have I to offer her in exchange for the brilliant career that is before her, even if I *were* free?"

He asked the question with a rising flush on his face, with a flash of excitement in his eyes. He—my Bryan—asked it as if it were on a subject that might be entertained by him! I could not speak for fear and wrath and love. And he was blind to the agony that kept me silent.

"What I want you to do," he went on, "is to ask Dundas to get her to cut this third-rate company she's with, and invite her to stay with you till she has secured a good London engagement. Will you do this, Kate?"

"All I can promise you is that I will be passive," I said, with an unaffected shudder. "Bryan, I feel ill; let us go home."

We turned and galloped back to Pendarves House, and when I went to my room to recover myself, Bryan joined Lillie and her sister on the lawn. Presently I saw Lillie rise up and saunter toward the house. A minute or two afterward Bryan and Miss Gracie Gordon strolled away down toward a dear old solemn wood where he and I had spent many a happy love-lit hour. And I knew that I must nerve myself "to bear" the worst then, for I felt that I had lost my lover.

She was like a pleased child, in her brightest, gayest, sweetest mood, when we met at luncheon this day. She took the turn of being interested in me in a way that put the pressure on my politeness, and obliged me in return to be less distant to her than I had intended being. And when, partly out of nervousness, partly out of recklessness, I ran a tilt with her and Bryan in *badinage*, she seized the opportunity of my apparently relaxed mood, and said,

"I shouldn't venture to ask such a favor of a less good-natured girl than you are, Miss Pendarves, but—you *are* good-natured, and my longing for a ride is intense—will you lend me your beautiful Flirt for a couple of hours to-morrow? I will promise to return her to you intact."

I gasped for breath. Flirt was my own prized, precious mare. I had gentled her myself straight from the hands of a rough-riding breaker. She could demand nothing further from me (having demanded Flirt), unless she boldly asked for Bryan, with the promise of returning him "intact" when she had done with him.

While I gasped and hesitated, Dundas spoke: "I will give you a mount to-morrow, Gracie. My sister's horse is sacred to herself. But you must be contented with a groom for an escort; I am engaged."

"I don't think Gracie need content herself with a groom for an escort," Lillie put in, saucily; "for I heard Bryan Talbot offer to ride with her to-morrow if she could persuade Kate to lend Flirt."

"The mare is too thorough-bred to transfer her allegiance," Dundas muttered, as he hurried after me out of the room; for I was broken down at the thought of my doom, and so I wanted to hide myself where my sorrow should not be visible to the scornful blue eyes that had won Bryan to love them and leave me.

"Kate," Dundas said, tenderly, as he arrested my flying footsteps, "one word, old girl. I've never come the elder brother and guardian over you, but I must interfere to this extent now. Is your marriage definitely arranged? Has Talbot asked for any time to be fixed?"

"When I accepted him, he said, 'The sooner I was his wife the better,'" I stammered.

"Ah! that was when you accepted him. But now—how about now? Don't hang on to a forlorn hope, Kate. He's wrapped up in that girl already. Let him go; he's not worth keeping. No fellow who could turn from you to one of that lot is worth thinking about."

I opened my eyes in astonishment. He was speaking of Lillie's sister.

"I see what you're thinking," he said, with a hasty, annoyed movement of the head; "but never mind me; and don't add to your troubles by brooding over my share in the business. It will be a bitter end to you any way, my Kate. The sooner it comes the better. Let him go before he forces you to do it."

I mutely pledged myself to follow my brother's advice by holding out my hand to him. And then I went to my room as a wounded animal does to its lair, shunning my kind for the remainder of the day, until the exigencies of social life brought us together at the dinner table. Then I found that Bryan had dropped in uninvited, and I determined to speak to him that same evening, and put an end to the tortures of suspense.

The closing scene of my little love drama was put upon the stage so hurriedly, and took so short a time in playing, that it—the saddest reality of my life—has always seemed like a dream to me. This is how I remember it. Gracie Gordon had dined at four o'clock by herself, in order to get over to the theatre in time, so that I was undisturbed by the presence of my rival at our later more formal meal. But I was disturbed at Bryan's pertinacious insistence on the propriety of some one going to fetch and escort her home. "Either Dundas or myself ought to go for her; it's barbarous to let that girl come seven miles alone at night," he said, warmly, to me, when we were sauntering about in the conservatory after dinner, each one of the four of us longing to get out of the way of the others.

"I don't think Dundas will go; he doesn't think it necessary," I said.

"Then I ought to go; for the credit of the courtesy of our county, say I ought to go, Kate."

"Go," I cried then, in my mad despair. "Go to her altogether, Bryan; never come back to me after it. Go, by all means."

"It is your decree: remember that if I obey it," he said, sadly but coldly. "I left the decision in your hands, and you have decided that I do what your brother and all your friends will call dishonorable. Be just when they censure me, Kate; you might have held me back."

I could not have made a sign then to have saved my life. And so he went to her.

Their engagement was announced to Lillie by Miss Gracie Gordon herself a few weeks after she left Pendarves House, and then for a month or two I heard nothing of them, for Dundas forbade Bryan's name to be mentioned, and would listen to no exculpation of the "traitor," as he called him. They were long, miserable months, for I made confidantes of no one save Flirt and my colly, Laird. But at the end of them I heard something that hurt me even more than the loss of my lover had done.

The woman who had taken him from me had not thought him worth keeping. A young baronet, Sir Walter Wylie, with a large rent-roll and a weak head, had intervened between Bryan and what the latter believed would have been the consummation of all earthly bliss. "I should never have been happy with Talbot, who would have kept me in a glass case in his country-house," Gracie wrote to her sister; "but my little baronet has freed his mind from all prejudices in even worse society than mine. Miss Pendarves is quite welcome to comfort poor Talbot if she can."

I have only to add that Miss Pendarves has never had the opportunity of trying. He grieved over her defalcation with a desperate grief that was an insult to the righteous love I had borne for him so long. In fact, lost to him as she is, she shines me down so effectually that to him I am nothing more than an old friend who seems to him to be the most fitting receptacle for all the plaints he likes to pour out relative to his shattered hopes and vanished idol. And I do listen patiently, never wishing that any one else may supersede him in my heart, although I know that it will always be thus unless the little baronet dies, and she fails to secure a richer suppliant than Talbot for her widowed hand. I know the romance, since 'tis over, 'twere idle or worse to recall; at the same time I will not blur the memory of it by wearing any other name than that of Kate Pendarves to the end of my life.

BOUQUET DE CIGARE.

"MY favorite perfume," dear Jennie?
  Had you asked me an hour ago,
I am sure I'd have lazily answered,
  "My darling, I really don't know."

For I've flirted with many a fragrance,
  And never been constant to one,
But welcomed the roses of summer
  When the dainty spring blossoms were gone.

I find it quite hard to be partial;
  Most delicious the whole of them are;
So I'll leave *you* the sweet-smelling flowers—
  My choice is "bouquet de cigare."

That note that was brought me this morning
  (How it made my heart flutter and thrill!)—
Well, the scent of the weed he'd been smoking
  As he wrote it was clinging there still.

And as I read on, dear, it mingled
  With words, oh! so welcome to me:
He loves me! he loves me! and, Jennie,
  Next summer a bride-maid you'll be.

How you stare!—your blue eyes full of wonder;
  Yet it may be the day isn't far
When for you, too, the perfume of perfumes
  Will be, dear, "bouquet de cigare!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THERE was recently a trial for murder in Ireland in which the evidence was so palpably insufficient that the judge stopped the case and directed the jury to return a verdict of "Not guilty." A well-known lawyer, however, who wished to do something for the fee he had received for the defendant, claimed the privilege of addressing the court. "We'll hear you with pleasure, Mr. B——," said the judge; "but, to prevent accident, we'll first acquit the prisoner."

With what colors would you paint a storm at sea?—The waves rose and the winds blew. How should a secret be painted?—In-violet. How would you paint an absent-minded friend?—In a brown-study.

She was from Springfield, and as the horse-car went through Charlestown square, she said, "Ah! you have a public library here, haven't you? How nice! Do the people seem to appreciate it?"

Tilden? Tilden? Who's he? Oh yes, he used to be Governor of New York. Yes, yes; we recollect now.

There's nothing new under the sun. Herodotus mentions the blue-glass theory.

Bald-headed men are so numerous in Chicago that an audience in that city is said to look, when viewed from above, like a cobble-stone pavement.

Somebody having remarked that a great many people were out of doors yesterday, Lavender wanted to know why they didn't go to a door factory and buy some.

A Chicago girl, who claims to have proved it by experiment, says that by putting a lover in the light of a blue-glass window, he can be made to propose at one sitting.

NATURAL BEAUTY.—A young lady, the other day, after a sun-shower, was heard to exclaim, "What an elegant trimming that rainbow would make for a white lace over dress!"

MAID OF MONEY—A young heiress.

FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS—Paving stones.

The Canada thistle is being acclimated on the Pacific coast. *This'll* make the farmers swear.

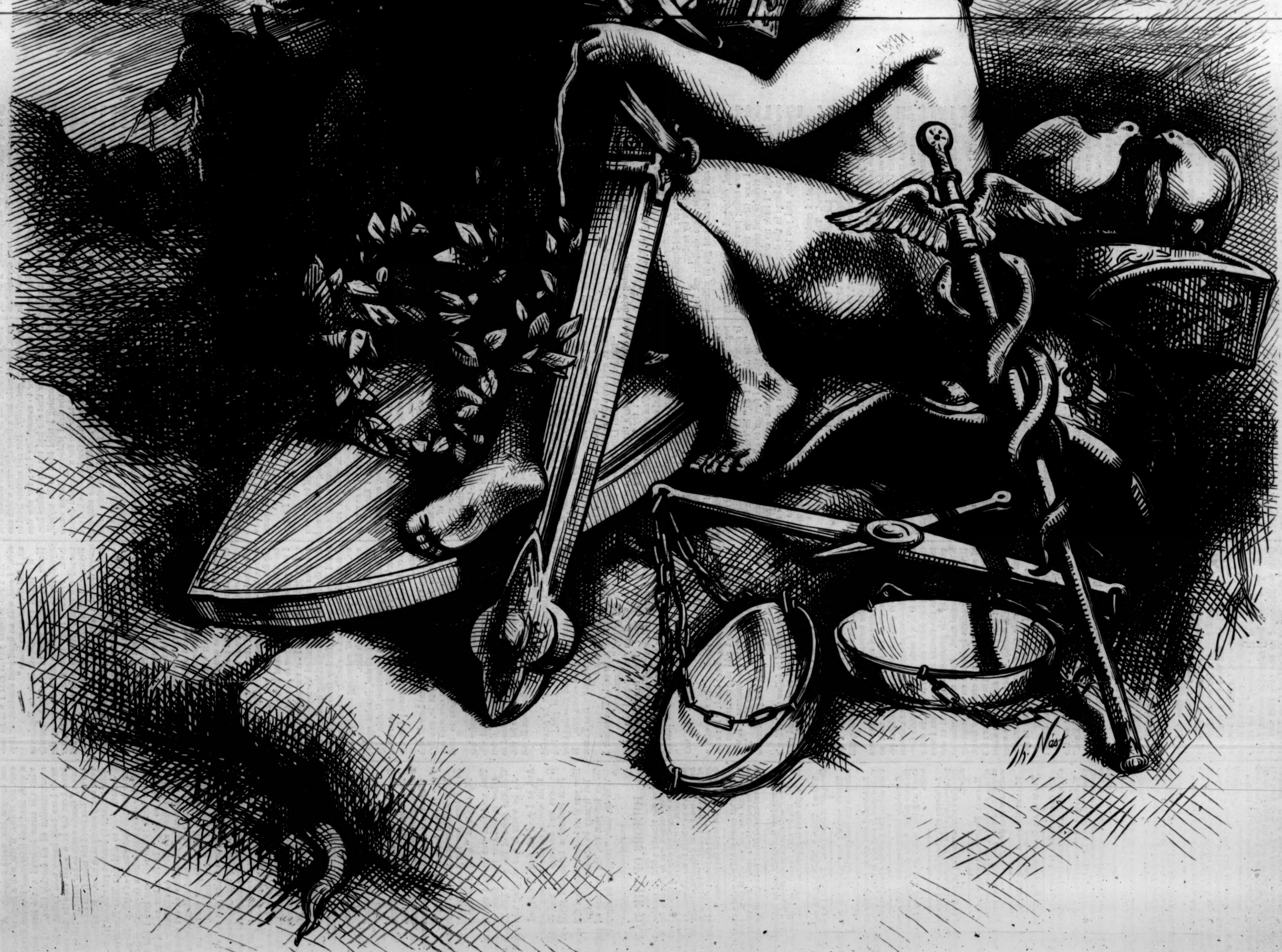
NAVIGATION EXTRAORDINARY.—"Exploring *waist* places," said John Henry, as he put his arm around the pretty chamber-maid. "Navigation of the *'air*," said Mrs. Henry, overhearing him, and sailing into his raven curls.

A NEVADA GAME AT CARDS.—One player holds the cards; another holds a revolver. A coroner *holds* the inquest.

A doctor recently gave the following prescription to a sick lady: "A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, and a silk dress." The lady, it is needless to say, entirely recovered.

"May they always live in peace and harmony!" was the way a Yankee marriage should have wound up. But the compositor, who couldn't read manuscript so well, put it in type, and horrified the happy couple by making it read, "May they always live on pease and hominy!"

"What are you crying for, Jack, in that way, with your head agin the wall, washing all the blessed mortar out atween the bricks?" asked one boy of another, in a back slum. "For father—o—o—oh!" sobbed the mourner. "For your father! Don't cry for him, Jack; he was a terrible old thief." "Yes, yes; I know he was a precious old thief," replied the affectionate son, still on full blubber, "but he was a jolly good father."



THE TIMES ARE RIPENING FOR A LASTING PEACE.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The following "Prefatory Poem," by the Poet-Laureate of England, introduces to the world the new English magazine which appears under the name of *The Nineteenth Century:*

THOSE that of late had fleeted far and fast
To touch all shores, now leaving to the skill
Of others their old craft seaworthy still,
Have charter'd this; where, mindful of the past,
Our true co-mates regather round the mast,
Of diverse tongue, but with a common will
Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil
And crocus, to put forth and brave the blast;
For some, descending from the sacred peak
Of hoar high-templed Faith, have leagued again
Their lot with ours to rove the world about;
And some are wilder comrades, sworn to seek
If any golden harbor be for men
In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of Doubt.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

OUR NATIONAL EDUCATION.

IT is with a sentiment of shame that every American must remember that his country still holds a low rank in the scale of education; that ignorance has grown up among us more rapidly than knowledge; that the wise projects of the founders of the republic have never been fulfilled; that we are still without a national system of public instruction. Already the European nations are advancing before us, and are preparing themselves for a real freedom, while we linger, lost in political and petty contests, forgetting the chief requirements of progress. Even England is now better educated than America, and it is probable that the new generation of the English, Scots, and Irish, and possibly the Welsh, will all be carefully taught the elements of knowledge. The English government within the past eight years has devised a plan of general education that has proved a signal success. It was long opposed by the ruling caste and the ruling Church, and has been forced into action amidst the bitter enmity of the land-holders and the reactionary nobility. Nowhere, it is said, is the national school-master more unpopular than among the wealthy magnates of the rural districts; and in every rustic village his certain antagonist, with some generous exceptions, is the village priest. But the liberal advocates of the educational law have pressed on their measure with wonderful energy, and already there has been a plain decrease in the criminal population of the towns. The English act is still imperfect—a compromise with its bitter foes. But it is compulsory, universal, is designed to become wholly unsectarian, and at last perhaps wholly free.

The energy with which the English educators have pressed on their favorite scheme is worthy of the imitation of Americans. We have still an illiterate population of 5,000,000. We have institutions that depend for their success upon the education of the people. But our efforts in the cause of knowledge within the past eight years have been clearly surpassed by the educational revival in England. It was in 1870 that for the first time the English Parliament—a Liberal one—passed the law of general and public instruction. At that time it was estimated that two-thirds of the English people of a suitable age could neither read nor write. In London, immense, splendid, the commercial centre of the world, at least 150,000 children, an army of paupers and criminals, could find no places in the various charitable or voluntary schools. It was in London that the School Board began its earliest, its unprecedented, labors, and in the course of six years a wonderful change has passed over the busy capital. In the facilities of education it has already become almost as well cared for as a New England village. From utter destitution it has risen almost at once to unrivaled profusion. The London School Board, composed of the representatives of the various classes of the metropolis, has performed a series of labors that seem almost incredible. Week after week, day after day, its energetic members have assembled to carry out their plans and perfect their work. They met for several years in a richly decorated room in Guildhall. The walls were crowded with portraits and pictures, but they were nearly all the symbols of mediæval warfare, of princes and conquerors, and seemed to look down with barbaric disdain upon the earnest men who were planning only the modest victories of peace. A meeting of the London School Board was always a striking and instructive scene. Its various castes mingled harmoniously in their common aim. There were one or two Liberal lords who lent their real talents to the cause of knowledge. There were two members of the working class, quick, intelligent, active, polite, who never suffered the interests of the people to be infringed without a vigorous protest. Mr. LUCRAFT and Mr. POTTER were not surpassed intellectually by any of their associates. Several cultivated and dignified clergymen attended the sessions. The debates are conducted with quick and ready argument, for a party exists within the Board, led by Canon GREGORY, that is wholly opposed to the theory of public instruction. The Board has been assailed at public meetings, rebuked by the Conservative press, criticised in Parliament, and calumniated in every Tory household. But for six years it has steadily pursued its arduous labor, until already in every part of London fine school-houses have risen up—things never seen in the great capital before—so costly and so complete as to surpass in convenience and propriety the best school buildings of Boston or New York. Land is cheaper in London than with us, and these schools are all provided with the means of perfect ventilation, and also extensive play-grounds. The outlay has been great, and the favorite theme of the assailants of the Board is its extravagance. But at the recent election the tax-payers of London confirmed by a great majority all its acts, and returned as their members only those who had been the faithful friends of the education of the people. Sir CHARLES REED, the active chairman, led the polls, and Messrs. LUCRAFT, POTTER, the Rev. J. RODGERS, and others, with several ladies, were almost equally fortunate. The people admitted the supreme value of knowledge.

In the other English cities the change has been equally remarkable. From the most ignorant they are rapidly becoming the best educated of communities. In Leeds nearly every child is at school. In Birmingham the system of education is already admirable. The example of England shows with what rapidity knowledge may be diffused, and how readily the 5,000,000 illiterates who appear in our census reports might be reduced to a small and insignificant array. Within five years it would be possible, within ten it would be easy, to educate every child from ocean to ocean.

Even France will soon be before us in educational progress. The Republicans have seized upon their first moment of power to project a new scheme of public instruction. GAMBETTA and SIMON, THIERS and RASPAIL, unite in uttering the people's cry for knowledge. The Minister of Public Instruction, M. WADDINGTON, has just brought in his bill for universal education, free, compulsory, unsectarian. The ultramontanes will apparently oppose it in vain. The Republicans govern France; they will reform and renew the life of the nation.

Thus all Europe is moving onward intellectually, while we—the chief of republics—shrink from the most important of all our duties, and leave 5,000,000 of our countrymen in hopeless degradation. Fifty years ago we should have had a national education, and by its aid what dangers must we not have escaped, what civil disorders avoided! The want of knowledge has led to political corruption and decay, to rebellion and sectional jealousy, to the triumph of the rash and violent, to a mad and dreadful civil war. Our cities groan with taxation wherever foreign ignorance controls them. Life, liberty, and property are only secure where knowledge rules and the common school, and yet we hesitate to press upon the whole nation that simple remedy for many of its sharpest ills; we are less bold than England, less republican than France.

The proper time has come—it has, in fact, always been at hand—to discuss and carry out this important measure. The State governments have failed in many sections to educate their people. Even in some of the older States of the North the teachers are badly paid, the schools indifferent. A confused, indefinite idea of what education should be prevails over the Union. A mass of sectarian schools, charity schools, monastic schools, and places where knowledge is only faintly inculcated or diffused, spreads over us an imperfect teaching. We are asked to adopt the mediæval system of restricting knowledge and enfeebling the intellect. But the recent success of the Republican policy among us, the prospect of a new period of national prosperity and progress, the wonderful future that seems opening before the nation, demand a full and perfect system of popular instruction, and the first requisite of such a system is that it shall be controlled and enforced by the general government. The examples of Germany, the Scandinavian countries, England, and France show that only the influence of the central power can procure a common elevation of the national mind. The utter failure of our own method to educate great bodies of the people in all sections of the country proves that it is inefficient and partial.

Of what character a national education should be, to what subjects directed, in what paths the minds of the people must be guided, how knowledge is to be made the chief support of republican and progressive institutions, are questions that may well employ the intelligence of the new generation, and should form the themes of popular discussion in every portion of the land. In England an Educational League has long existed, which has agitated the whole country with meetings, addresses, lectures, pamphlets, tracts, and several rival associations of a similar nature have aroused the interest of the people in the cause of knowledge. Such a league, such associations, might well arise in every city and village of our land. In Texas or Georgia, in Oregon or Vermont, we may freely discuss the chief want of the people. The subject is immense, its future endless; but one principle might well be established at once, and no one be allowed to vote who has not passed through the national schools. This, at least, would save the country from many a threatening danger.

A national education should also be an industrial one. It should teach the mechanical pursuits, manufactures, farming. It is not only the opening to literary cultivation that our schools should offer; the practical business of life can not be too early begun. The industrial schools of Belgium and Vienna show that children learn with ease to be farmers, mechanics, tradesmen; and that schools should be suited to the wants of the community they cultivate. In the rich fields of Georgia or Texas, the schools should teach the varieties of soil, climate, the traits of agricultural life, the planting of cotton or the raising of corn. In mining districts, a different education would be needed; where manufactures alone flourish, the arts of drawing, designing, or moulding. In Europe all these subjects are made a part of the public instruction, and they would necessarily be included in every national system here. A wide field of valuable labor lies before us. We have to retrieve the past, and outstrip Germany, France, or England in the pursuit of mental equality. Let our young men and young women take up the cause of knowledge, discuss the sources of our failure, restore the good name of freedom, renew the republic.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN their tenth report the Fish Commissioners of Maine, for the year 1876, give very encouraging statements in regard to the increased interest of the people in their labors, the voluntary aid extended to them, and the large amount of service accomplished from very restricted resources. They state that already the rivers appear to be filled with young salmon of different ages, introduced from time to time, and that there is every assurance of an abundance of fish in a few years. At Brunswick quite a large number of mature salmon were observed leaping, though none were actually captured.

In view, therefore, of the apparent success of the measures that have been in operation for the last two years, the Commissioners invoke the passage of a law making it illegal to fish in any of the rivers thus stocked, for at least the next six years, otherwise than with the hook and line.

The report embraces many supplementary documents, and an account by Mr. ATKINS of his labors during the year at the Penobscot River station and at Grand Lake streams.

The Geographical Society of Holland has lately organized an expedition for the exploration of Sumatra, and a number of gentlemen connected with different branches of science have been selected for the purpose. The Diambi region will receive special attention. A steamer completely fitted out for a three years' cruise has been furnished by the Dutch government. It is hoped that the region referred to will be found suitable for the establishment of colonies for permanent settlement.

The one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg was celebrated on the 7th of January.

Application has been made to the Norwegian government for a grant of money for the expenses of an expedition to Spitzbergen, under PETERSEN, for the purpose of making a thorough geological survey.

The most notable climatic features of the month of January, according to the *Monthly Weather Review*, of the Signal-office, were the severe coast storm of the 1st and 2d, the increasing severity of storms as they approached the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the continuance of the cold weather of December until after the middle of February (giving low average temperatures for the districts east of the Rocky Mountains), a deficiency in the rain-fall, and the closing of many harbors by ice, from the Potomac northeastward, until after the middle of the month.

The average temperature for the month was higher than usual for the Pacific coast, and below the average for all other portions of North America. The unusual cold extended far to the south, large numbers of fish having been frozen to death at Milton, Florida.

The death of Professor WILHELM F. B. HOFMEISTER, at the age of fifty-two, occurred on the 12th of January, at Tübingen, at which place he for a time discharged the duties of Professor of Botany, having previously held a similar position in the University of Heidelberg. He is especially known from his publication in regard to the embryology and physiology of plants.

It is stated that during the middle of January the snow in Norway had been so continuous and frequent as to have accumulated in many places to the depth of sixteen feet on a level, unaffected by drifting winds.

The papers of Mississippi and Louisiana are exultant at the capture of some grilse of the California salmon introduced into tributaries of Lake Pontchartrain by the United States Fish Commission about two years ago. These were taken exactly as trout would be under the circumstances, and were from nine to twelve inches in length.

A new anæsthetic has been described by M. RABUTEAU before the Academy of Sciences, Paris. It is hydrobromic ether, which, he says, can be administered without difficulty, and which is, moreover, eliminated almost completely by the respiratory passages. It holds an intermediate place between chloroform, bromoform, and ether. Considering the frequent recurrence of chloroform accidents, any new anæsthetic is worthy of trial which promises a greater degree of immunity from the danger of a fatal result.

The Society of Arts publishes a table giving an account of the sums granted in 1876 for sundry natural history collections in the United Kingdom. From this we learn that the South Kensington Museum received £39,058; the School of Mines and Geological Museum, £8947; the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art, £10,320. This is in marked contrast with the appropriations made by the United States government in the same direction.

For many years past PETERMANN'S *Mittheilungen* has occupied a very prominent place among the journals devoted exclusively to geographical science, and this promises to be still more serviceable in the future, as a summary of the progress of geography throughout the world, by Dr. E. BEHM, is to be given in each succeeding number.

Captain J. E. DAVIS, a well-known officer of the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty, died in the beginning of January, at the age of sixty-one. He commenced naval service as master of the *Terror*, on the arctic exploring expedition under Sir JAMES ROSS, and was particularly interested in the methods and appliances for deep-sea soundings. A very interesting series of papers contributed by him, from time to time, upon the hydrographic and other operations of the *Challenger*, was published in the London journals.

REICHEL has lately published a report of a visit in 1876 to the German missionary stations in Labrador, and takes occasion to mention some changes in the manners and customs of the Esquimaux since a previous visit in 1861. He finds that they occupy houses built of boards and otherwise constructed like those of European nations, having beds with woolen comfortables, carpets, pictures, glass-ware, and petroleum lamps, while the clothing is much more after the European type than before. This change in the dwellings and dress is coincident with similar changes elsewhere. Thus, instead of devoting themselves exclusively to the pursuit of land animals, birds, reindeer, etc., they now give much more attention to fishing, which formerly was left entirely to the women; and they obtain large quantities of cod, salmon, and other species for home use, as also for trade.

Professor J. C. POGGENDORFF, the well-known editor of *Poggendorff's Annalen*, to whose death, on the 24th of January, we referred some time ago, was born in Hamburg, December 29, 1796, and consequently had attained the ripe age of eighty. His first publication, in 1815, was entitled *Physico-Chemical Investigations upon the Magnetism of the Voltaic Pile*, and others of a similar character soon followed. In 1824 he became editor of GILBERT'S *Annalen der Physik*, under a new title of *Annalen der Physik und Chemie*, and ever since, this has been the leading record of progress in chemical and physical science. Many of his own publications appeared in this journal, and the transactions of various societies of which he was a member also shared in his communications. He commenced with LIEBIG the publication of a manual of chemistry, and in 1863 issued an important work on the history of the exact sciences.

The directors of the Berlin Aquarium offer for sale very accurate plaster casts of the orang and chimpanzee, and models of the gorilla, all of life size, taken from animals kept in their well-known establishment. The orang was the largest ever brought living to Europe, and was about four feet in height. The model of the gorilla is from one still living in the Aquarium, which has attracted so much attention from its intelligence and the man-like habits which have been taught it.

Professor J. PAPADAKIS, the rector of the University of Athens, and for a long time in charge of the department of Mathematics and Astronomy, died in January, 1877.

It is announced that Baron BARTH, who was engaged in making a geological and botanical survey in Africa, on account of the Portuguese government, committed suicide, under an attack of fever, at Loanda, December 7, 1876.

Dr. MOHR, well known as the author of a narrative of African exploration, including the Victoria Falls of the Zambezi, died at Malange, November 26, 1876, while engaged in prosecuting explorations on the west coast of Africa, under the auspices of the German African Society.

The Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New Jersey have published their seventh annual report for the year 1876. For convenience the State is divided into two departments, the southern or tidal, and the northern or non-tidal.

The result of the action of the Commissioners in regard to the fisheries of the State points to the fact that while in the tidal waters the business was very poor, quite the reverse occurred in the non-tidal waters, an unusual number of shad being taken in the upper portion of the Delaware River. The diminution of the catch in the shore fisheries is looked upon as something very portentous, and as requiring rigorous legislation in reference to the time of fishing, the length of nets, the size of the mesh, etc. They think, however, that if the regulations already provided are thoroughly enforced, great benefit will result therefrom.

In the reports of the wardens of different counties, mention is repeatedly made of the taking of salmon grilse, the result of the labors of the Commissioners in stocking the streams with the salmon; and it is hoped that the present year or the next will show the success of the enterprise. Nothing was done in New Jersey in 1876 in the propagation of shad, owing to the lack of funds and the difficulty in finding a suitable spot for catching the spawning fish.

THE FRIGATE "TRENTON."

ON page 244 we give a picture of the new United States frigate *Trenton*, which has been dispatched to the Mediterranean station, where she will be used as the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral WORDEN. The *Trenton* is a splendid specimen of naval architecture. Her lines are very graceful, and despite the solid character of her construction, she has not the slightest appearance of heaviness. The *Trenton* is what is known as a frigate of the second class. Her length is 253 feet, and her width 48 feet on the water-line. Her maximum displacement is 3700 tons. She is ship-rigged, and has an armament of eleven guns—eight on the gun-deck, two forward, and one on the spar-deck, aft. These pieces are all 8-inch rifles, which have been altered from 11-inch smooth-bores by the process recently adopted of inserting coiled-iron rifling and securing it at the muzzle of the gun with a strong collar. Cannon of this character were recently severely tested at Sandy Hook, and approved by some of the best artillery officers of the army.

The engines of the *Trenton* are of 3000 horse-power, and were built after designs made by the chief of the Naval Bureau of Engineering. They are compound engines, of the three-cylinder back-acting type. The central engine is of the high-pressure class; the others are low-pressure. There are eight boilers, each 10 feet 3 inches long by 12 feet 6 inches in diameter. There are twenty-four furnaces, with 464 square feet of grate-surface. They are placed forward of the engine-room, four on each side of the ship, with the fire-room between them. Besides the motive engines of the ship there is special steam machinery provided for hoisting anchor and various other purposes. The cost of the machinery of the *Trenton* is reported to have been $625,000.

The propeller of the frigate is made of composite, is 19 feet 6 inches in diameter, and has a surface of about 100 square feet. Its pitch is

from 25 to 29 feet. The *Trenton* carries 400 tons of coal, and it is calculated can make thirteen knots per hour, consuming fuel at the rate of fifty tons per day. At a very much reduced expenditure of coal she can make, it is believed, a steady run of ten knots per hour. The *Trenton* can be used as a ram, and made to do very destructive work. Her offensive prow, or ram, is a remarkably heavy structure of firmly bolted timbers, sheathed with an immense brass casting.

The *Trenton* carries a crew of 400 men all told. The following is the list of her officers: Captain, JOHN LEE DAVIS; Lieutenant-Commander, NICOLL LUDLOW; Lieutenants, A. A. VAIL, J. HAZLETT, C. A. STONE, J. H. RODGERS, E. D. TAUSSIG; Chief Engineer, A. FITHIAN; Paymaster, E. FOSTER; Captain of Marines, M'LANE TILTON; Assistant Surgeons, J. W. ROSS and W. R. DU BOSE; Assistant Engineers, GEORGE W. BAIRD, HERSCHEL MAIN, H. T. CLEAVER, and J. A. HENDERSON; Lieutenant of Marines, G. C. REID.

Admiral WORDEN is expected to board the *Trenton* at Gibraltar. She will probably make a very good run to that port, as the dock trials have shown that her engines are first class and in perfect working order.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AFTER a long investigation into the causes of the fatal disaster at Ashtabula last December, the coroner's jury have agreed upon a verdict. This verdict is in accordance with facts already well known, yet the official statement of them may carry weight, and perhaps lead to the examination of bridges, and the reconstruction of those that are faulty. The jury preface their verdict by the statement that it is formed from a careful consideration of evidence, and should it seem severe upon the railroad company or any of its officials, it is because the truth demands it. The following are the chief points in the verdict:

That the fall of the bridge was the result of defects and errors made in designing, constructing, and erecting it.

That the railroad company used and continued to use this bridge for about eleven years, during all of which time a careful inspection by a competent engineer could not have failed to discover these defects. For the neglect of such careful inspection the railroad company alone is responsible.

The responsibility of this fearful disaster and its consequent loss of life rests upon the railroad company, which, by its chief executive officer, planned and erected this bridge.

That the cars were not heated by apparatus so constructed that the fire would be immediately extinguished whenever the cars are thrown from the track and overturned, and that the failure to comply with that plain provision of the law placed the responsibility of the origin of the fire upon the railroad company.

That the responsibility for not putting out the fire at the time it first made its appearance in the wreck rests upon those who were first to arrive at the scene of the disaster, and failed to use the means at hand. Nothing should have prevented the chief engineer from making all possible efforts to extinguish what fire there remained. For his failure to do this he is responsible.

Sad cases are not unfrequently recorded where a whole family of children are swept away by that terrible disease, diphtheria. Statistics given by the Health Board show plainly that this disease is most fatal in malarial localities. In low-lying portions of the city, where sewers are badly constructed, and where, through imperfect plumbing or defective sewerage, noxious gases enter into dwelling-houses, there diphtheria is most likely to prevail and prove fatal.

Among marvelous escapes may be mentioned the recent accident in Washington Street, New York—the fall of a great building, with large loss of property, which might easily have proved a more dreadful catastrophe, with immense loss of life. About ten o'clock one evening a five-story brick warehouse on the corner of Washington and Franklin streets fell with a tremendous crash, covering the street with a chaotic mass of brick, mortar, and groceries. There was no warning of the disaster, except a loud snap which immediately preceded the crash. About fifty feet of the front wall fell. Fortunately only the private watchman was in the building. About twenty minutes before the catastrophe he had visited the section of the warehouse which fell, but at the time he was in another part, where he received no injury. The walls fell upon the roof of an adjacent house, and a man occupying the attic was injured; otherwise, strange to say, no one was hurt. The warehouse was built about twenty years ago. Whether the disaster was caused by rotten timbers used in the construction of the building, or to the overweighting of the floors with heavy goods, is uncertain.

On the night of March 8 a most violent gale, with storm, prevailed in this vicinity and in many other sections of the country. Buildings were blown down; roofs, spires, and telegraph poles and wires were seriously damaged; shipping was greatly injured—and altogether the gale was destructive enough to be styled the equinoctial.

A young man of Dundee, Michigan, recently killed himself under a strange and fatal delusion. He was of studious habits, and spent most of his time and money in prosecuting chemical experiments. A few months ago he announced to his friends that he had made a discovery which would make him famous as a benefactor of mankind—that he had succeeded in making a preparation a little of which, scattered upon a dead person, would restore life. This was the first evidence he had shown of insanity. No efforts of his friends could change his belief. But they did not suppose he planned to test the life-restoring composition on himself. One day, however, he was found dead, a letter and a bottle of fluid labeled "creative, all-changeful material assistant," being beside him. In his letter he said his mind was fully made up to prove the efficacy of his discovery in his own death and subsequent re-appearance in life. And he gave particular directions how to use the life-restorer upon his dead body.

Not long ago a man called at a station-house in Brooklyn and desired to see the chief officer in private. He then said, "Captain, I want you to do something for me."

"Tell me what you want," was the reply, "and I'll see if I can do it."

The man then said he had been out of employment six months, that his wife and children had gone to their relatives to live, as he could not support them; that he had tried every where to get work, and failed, "perhaps because of the rags he wore;" "and," said he, "I can't get along in this way for a day longer. I am tired of begging my bread from door to door, and if you will have me sent up for six months to the Penitentiary, where I'll get something to eat, I will feel thankful to you." So determined was the man that, after many objections, the officer sent him to the Penitentiary as a vagrant.

From the Eleventh Annual Report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals we learn that during 1876 the society made 1005 prosecutions for cruelty, and in this city and Brooklyn the perpetration of cruelty and abuse of animals was prevented in more than two thousand cases. In the latter instances there was no evidence of intentional cruelty, consequently no arrests were made. This society has fourteen branches in active working order, and 150 agents outside of New York city. Numerous kindred societies have been organized in the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia, which are doing a good work. In fact, thirty-two States have passed laws for the protection of animals. The moral effects of merciful treatment of defenseless brutes will be manifest among mankind.

Much interest has been centred on the work of removing the safes from the ruins of the Waltham Building on Bond Street, which was recently destroyed by fire. The general good condition of the contents shows to what a degree of perfection the making of safes has been brought. One safe, containing $250,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry, had been taken from the hottest part of the ruins, and had also been injured by another safe falling upon it. After it was perfectly cool it was opened. Articles without cases or coverings were blackened by smoke or heat, but this did not harm the stones, and the gold could be repolished. All articles in cases or covers were absolutely uninjured. In another safe a fine lace shawl worth $1500 in gold was found unharmed.

Those who trusted their money to Dona Baldomera de Larra, the founder of a financial institution at Madrid, have come to grief. This banking establishment promised its depositors thirty per centum interest per month, and a large amount had been deposited by the credulous and unsuspecting. Considerable had been returned to depositors as interest. But suddenly, as might have been suspected, the female swindler fled from the Spanish capital with about seven hundred thousand dollars. The doors of the closed banking house were broken open by the police, and it was found that every article of value, as well as all the money, had disappeared with the Dona.

Milk dried in cakes, and then ground to fine powder, is among the latest preparations for use on long voyages.

The Boston *Journal* tells a good story about a gentleman connected with one of the largest safe manufacturing establishments in that city. He presented one day a check for $100 at a certain bank, and waited to receive the money. The paying teller took the check, looked at it and then at the gentleman, and tossing the check back to him, said, very curtly, "I don't know any thing about you."

"Well," replied the gentleman, "I am pretty well known; there's a man who knows me," pointing to the cashier.

The party appealed to having identified him, the teller accepted the check and threw out a package of bills, which the applicant took, and stepping to the side desk, began to count the money. A shade of vexation at the incivility of the teller, followed by a look of surprise, was observed by the cashier, who inquired if any thing was the matter.

"I should say there was," was the reply. "My check called for $100, and I have received $1000."

The receiver returned to the teller, and having apprised him of the mistake he had made, proceeded to admonish him of the danger to which the funds of the bank were exposed by his carelessness in paying $100 checks with packages of $1000. The gentleman also took occasion to read the young man a lesson in civility, a cheap commodity in which he was advised to invest. He then handed the teller $900, and left him in a state of painful confusion.

Every little while it is suggested that a monument be erected in honor of some great and good person long since dead. The idea is good. But why not have the monument take the form of some useful charity, which can perpetuate the desired name just as well as can a marble statue? A hospital building, a school-house, a scholarship, a library for some village or for a mission school, a series of drinking fountains throughout a city, and scores of other things, designated by the name of some good man dead, would be monuments fitted to make the memory of the just blessed.

In 1861, at the beginning of the civil war, a citizen of Mobile, Alabama, espoused the Union cause, while his family and relatives joined the Confederates. He was given twenty-four hours to leave the South, and taking what he could, he started for the North to seek his fortune. For some time he has been filling the position of station master at the Lincoln dépôt on the Fitchburg Railroad. A few days since he sent in his resignation, an uncle recently deceased in Albany having left him heir to a fortune of over $1,000,000. Another romance in real life.

In the basement of the Treasury Department, Washington, among various relics and curiosities, are the two flags that were festooned in front of President Lincoln's box on the night of his assassination. They belonged to the Treasury Guards, and had been loaned to the managers of the theatre for the purpose of decorating the box on the fatal Friday night when the President was to attend. The silk stripes and gold fringe are torn where the spur of the assassin caught as he leaped from the box and vanished from the terrible scene.

Why does not somebody set up a laughter cure? Many instances are on record where an unexpected but genuine and hearty laugh has turned the current of the blood into healthy channels, and a patient been cured of an obstinate disease.

Almost every body who has occasion to use a scrap-book has experienced the difficulty of keeping the pages smooth and neat. To obviate this annoyance Mark Twain has invented a "patent self-pasting scrap-book," which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of neatness and convenience. The page is divided into columns crossed by bands of narrow gummed lines, requiring only to be slightly moistened to be ready for use. In a note to his publishers, Messrs. Slote, Woodman, & Co., the inventor says: "I have invented and patented a new scrap-book, not to make money out of it, but to economize the profanity of this country. You know that when the average man wants to put something in his scrap-book, he can't find his paste—then he swears; or if he finds it, it is dried so hard that it is only fit to eat—then he swears. If he uses mucilage, it mingles with the ink, and next year he can't read his scrap; the result is barrels and barrels of profanity. This can all be saved and devoted to other irritating things, where it will do more real and lasting good, simply by substituting my self-pasting scrap-book for the old-fashioned one." Thus, from a moral as well as from a practical point of view, the new scrap-book deserves to come into general use.

Five of the Rothschild family have been appointed members of committees for the organization of the Paris Exposition—James, Alphonse, Edmund, Adolphe, and Gustave.

At the recent Commencement of the Medical Department of Columbia College degrees were conferred on 118 graduates. There seems to be an uncommonly large number of young physicians let loose upon the country this year. It is to be hoped that this does not prefigure a sickly season.

The following incident is related of the Grand Duke Alexis: Soon after he was first assigned to duty as midshipman his vessel was wrecked off the coast of Denmark. The admiral commanding, resolved to save the young man, ordered him to take charge of the first boat which put off from the doomed ship. The Grand Duke disdained safety thus bought, and declined.

"My duty is here," he said to the admiral, "and I must be the last to leave the ship."

"Do you not understand, Sir," exclaimed the admiral, "that you are under my command? and do you dare to refuse obedience to my orders?"

"I know my duty," answered the midshipman, "and I will obey any orders you may see fit to give me, except an order to leave the ship, where my duty now commands me to remain."

The admiral gave up his point, and Alexis was the last man to leave the ship, and, after landing, was promptly ordered under arrest for disobedience of orders. He submitted without a murmur. The admiral sent dispatches to the Emperor detailing the affair, and the Emperor wrote:

"I approve your having placed the midshipman Alexis under arrest for disobedience, and I bless my boy for having disobeyed."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL, 1877.

Sunday,	1.—Easter-day.
Sunday,	8.—First Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	15.—Second Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	22.—Third Sunday after Easter.
Wednesday,	25.—St. Mark.
Sunday,	29.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.

WHAT is popularly called in the Northwest "the great revival," has reached extraordinary dimensions. The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of March 8 says: "Judging from the reports which come to us, there will be scores, if not hundreds, of Methodist churches in the Northwest which will have each from fifty to two hundred probationers added to their lists." In the Eastern States, Mr. E. P. HAMMOND addresses large congregations at Syracuse. The evening services in Mr. MOODY'S Boston Tabernacle are crowded still. Excursion trains bring hearers from the adjacent towns of Massachusetts and from Rhode Island. Mr. MOODY has called a Christian Convention of Ministers, to begin March 14.

Another of the famous evangelists, Miss SMILEY, has been delivering addresses in the "Pilgrim" Congregational Church, St. Louis. Since leaving St. Louis she has begun a series of daily Bible readings in Farwell Hall, Chicago.

One of the results of this general awakening has been, among the Methodists, the organization of class-leaders' conventions. One such opened in Chicago March 12, presided over by Bishop HARRIS. The exercises consisted of afternoon addresses, then tea, after the English Wesleyan fashion, more addresses in the evening, and answering of questions deposited in the Question Drawer. A similar convention of class-leaders is announced to be held in New York.

The decision of the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas forbidding the ringing of the chimes of St. Mark's Church at unreasonable hours has excited a general controversy. The rector of the church expresses the opinion that "if this decision is to stand as the law of the commonwealth, it will only be necessary hereafter for some nervous or ill-disposed neighbor to swear that he is annoyed, to silence the bell of any church in the State." A secular paper of Philadelphia accepts this inference from Judge HARE'S opinion. The *Church Journal*, of this city, hopes that the decision will be reversed by the Supreme Court of the State. "Our countrymen," it pleads, "engaged in a hand to hand struggle with the hard facts of life, need the counter-influences not only of religion to point them to something higher than bargains and gains, but they need the softening and refining influence of poetry and art and music." All true; but must they hear music under compulsion? Shall the call to "matins," which they do not wish to attend, be allowed to disturb their rest? There is a limit, surely, to the liberty of ringing church bells, and that limit the courts ought to define.

The Rev. Dr. LEONARD BACON has reached his seventy-fifth birthday. He is still hale and vigorous in body, and in mind as shrewd and incisive as ever.

Pilgrimages to Rome for the purpose of taking part in the Papal Jubilee (May 21) will be numerous this season. One is announced to leave Montreal on April 17; the pilgrims will take the grotto of Lourdes on their way. Disguise the fact as much as one may, a modern pilgrimage to Rome *will* put on the appearance of a holiday excursion. The Canadian devotees will sail from New York in a fine steamer, and will in Europe be escorted by one of the Messrs. COOK'S agents. There does not seem, however, to be much enthusiasm expressed by Catholics of the United States in relation to the Papal Jubilee. Perhaps the drawing of money from the "faithful" has been overdone. With $32,000,000 on hand (such is the report) and the finest palace in Europe, the Pope is a tolerably comfortable prisoner. Even the least-informed Catholics begin to appreciate this fact.

Among the benevolent enterprises which illustrate the energy of the Christian women of the country is the proposed endowment of a chair in the Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, New Jersey, by the Methodist ladies of this city and its vicinity. The sum needed for the purpose will be $40,000. A committee of one hundred have the undertaking in charge, and it is proposed to raise all that is required before the close of the present year.

Dr. JOHN HALL, of this city, leads an active life. He has recently delivered a course of four lectures before the students of the University of Rochester on the "Christian Uses of Property." The desire to hear him was so general that some of the week-night services of the city churches were adjourned. Immediately after, he began a series of lectures before the students of Yale Divinity School on "Religious Life in Great Britain." These have been listened to with great pleasure.

The temperance revival, already noticed, has spread all through Western Pennsylvania. In the town of Butler, five hundred pledge signers have been enrolled; in Meadville, eight hundred. Throughout Beaver, Fayette, and Lawrence counties the same successes have followed the appeals of Mr. MURPHY'S co-laborers. The people of Pittsburg have presented him with a house, and have invited him to make his home in their city. Mr. MURPHY relies mainly upon religious motives in his appeals to drinking men, and makes much of Christian song in his meetings.

Few Christian schools have had as much influence upon the formation of character in the West as Oberlin, in Ohio. Here FINNEY spent his last and most fruitful years. Under the one name are included a college, an academy, a conservatory of music, and a theological school. In the college are 152 students. There is, besides, a ladies' collegiate department, with 128 students. In the classical branch of the academy are 235 students, and in the conservatory of music, 256. The theological school has forty-two members. A circular just issued by the trustees states that "probably no other ten schools in the country have furnished so many teachers for the freedmen." The great work done by Oberlin has been accomplished with very narrow financial resources.

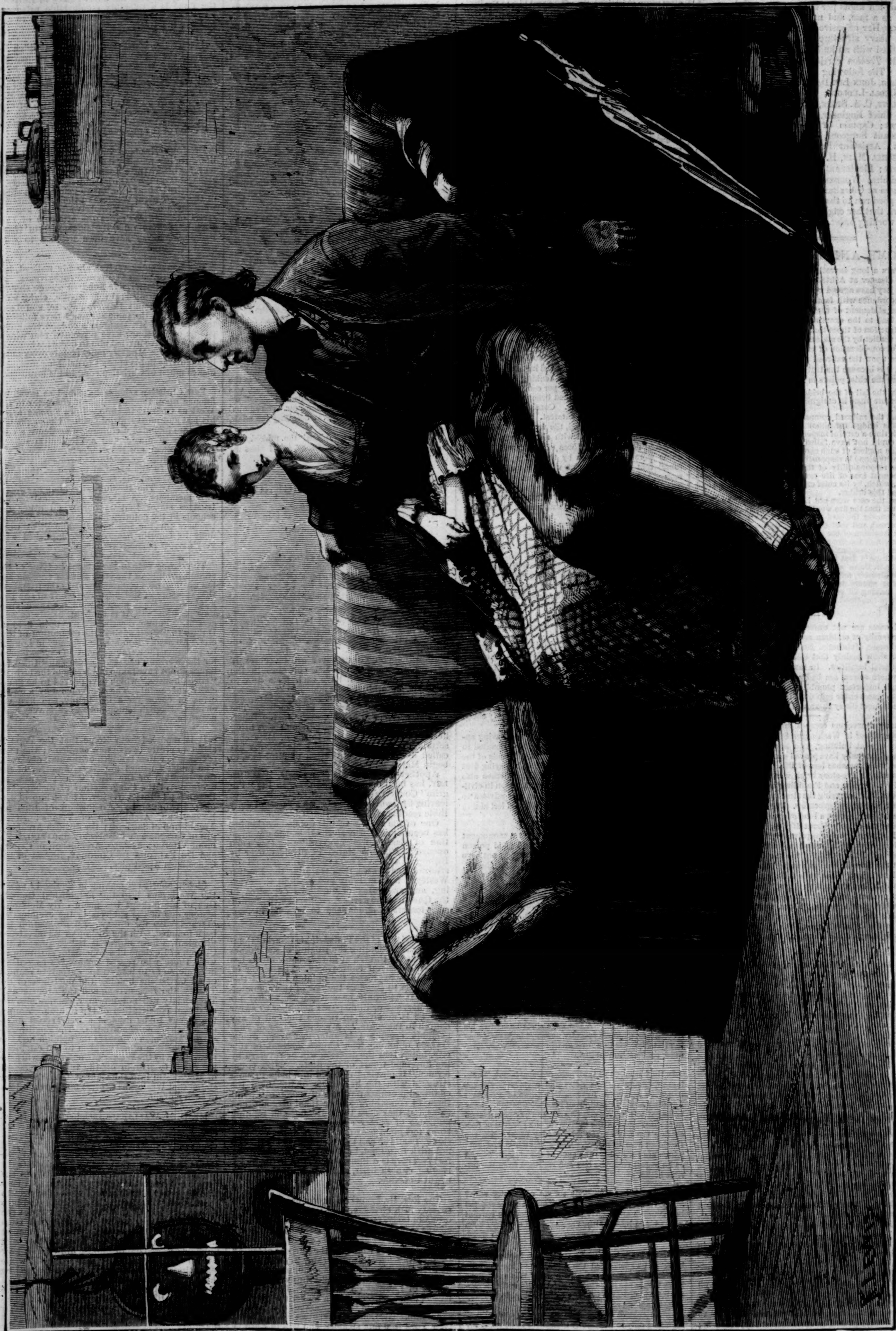
The strong vote in Parliament in favor of the second reading of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill has given great encouragement to the friends of that measure in Ireland. The effort of the DISRAELI ministers to protect the large towns from its operation will, it is thought, hardly be successful. Public meetings have been held in Dublin to protest against the exemption of that city. An association has been formed in London to promote the establishment of coffee-houses for the working classes. These substitutes for liquor-shops have taken in Liverpool the form of "cocoa-houses," which have proved to be financially successful. The workmen buy a warm drink of cocoa for a half-penny, and like the change. English temperance work is very business-like.

It is reported from Rome that the Pope is about to create twelve new cardinals; the time specified is either the 13th or the 19th of March. The prelates named are NINA, Assessor of the Congregation of the Holy Office; BARRETTI, Secretary of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars; LUIGI; COVESOT, Archbishop of Lyons; LANGUENIEUX, Archbishop of Rheims; KUTSCHKER, Archbishop of Vienna; EDER, Archbishop of Salzburg; the Spanish Archbishops of Saragossa and Santiago; SERAFINI, Bishop of Viterbo; APUZZO, Archbishop of Capua; and DE FALLOUX DU COUDRAY, Regent of the Cancellania Apostolica.

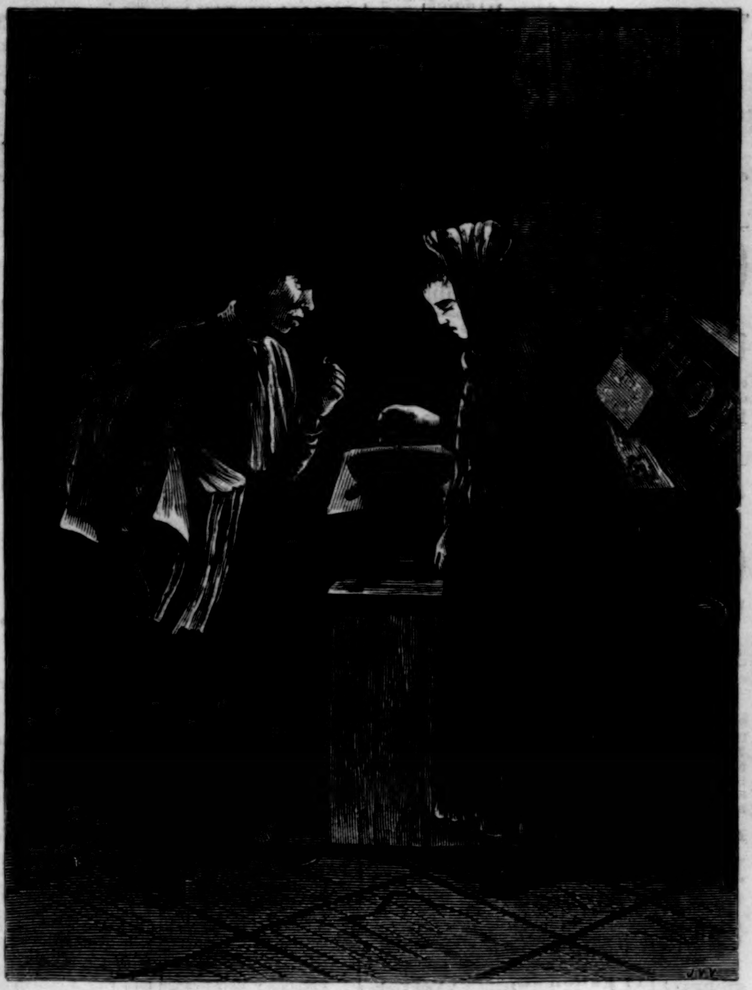
Strong efforts are making in England to draw the Wesleyans into the Established Church. One of the bishops has made early Methodist history one of the subjects in the examination of candidates for orders. An association has been founded, with the Bishop of Winchester as president, whose object it is "to present the Church of England in a conciliatory attitude toward those who regard themselves as outside her pale, so as to lead to the corporate reunion of all Christians holding the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement." The society will not, however, compromise the episcopal constitution of the Church. Among the means to be used is a freer social intercourse with Non-conformists. The English *Literary Churchman* expresses the opinion that the recent position of antagonism to the establishment taken by the Wesleyan Conference will have the effect to "drain off the religious element of Methodism into the Church." It should be stated that Wesleyans express no apprehensions of such a drain.

Mr. D. M. WALLACE, a member of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, in his recent work on Russia gives a very unfavorable account of the morals of the Greek clergy in that empire. He cites a report presented to the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE, in which appears the following terrible arraignment: "Why do the people not respect the clergy? Because it continually presents examples of want of respect to religion, and transforms the service of God into a profitable trade. Can the people respect the clergy when they hear how one priest stole money from below the pillow of a dying man at the moment of confession; how another was publicly dragged out of a house of ill fame; how a third christened a dog; how a fourth, while officiating at the Easter service, was dragged by the hair from the altar by the deacon? Is it possible for the people to respect priests who spend their time in the gin-shop, write fraudulent petitions, fight with the cross in their hands, and abuse each other in bad language at the altar?"

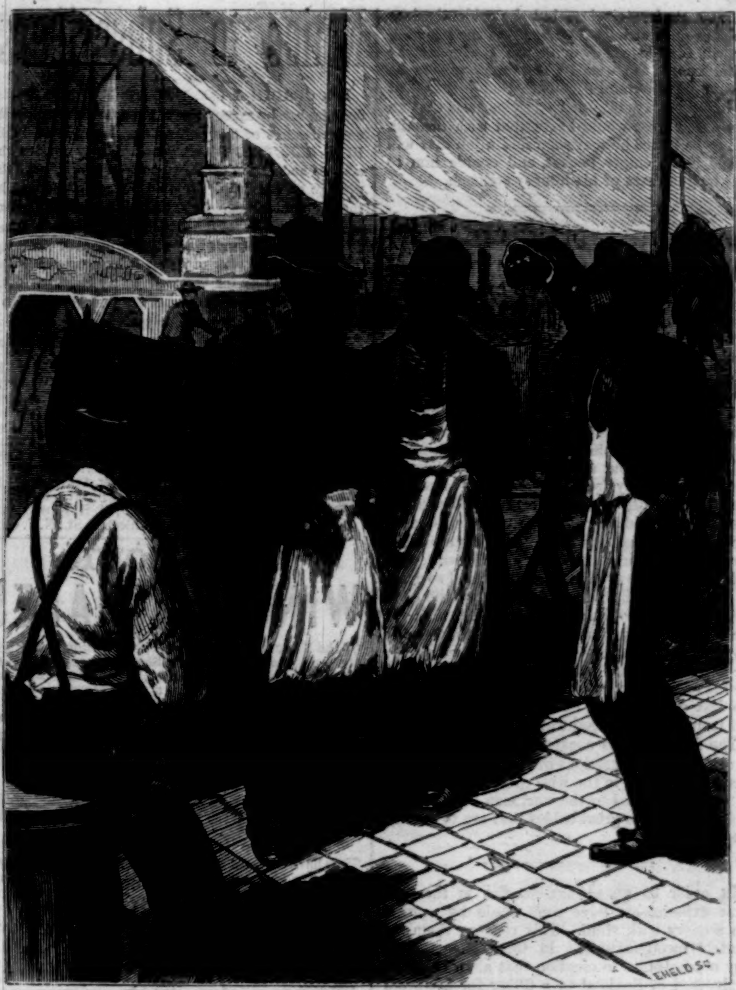
It is to be hoped that there are some relieving features to this dark picture.



"TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S NONE."



A PEA-NUT SELLER.



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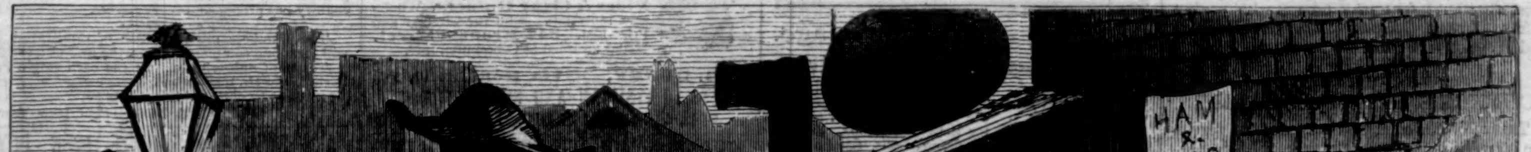
The lower sketch is quite melancholy in its contrasts. A comfortable-looking colored woman "presides" over a stand where coffee, butter-cakes, pork and beans, and other dishes are to be



HUNGRY.

RANDOM STREET SKETCHES IN PHILADELPHIA.—[DRAWN BY S. G. M'CUTCHEON.]

had at a moderate price; but she evidently does business on a strictly cash basis, as the poor fellow who fumbles vainly in his pockets for a stray nickel knows too well. The hungry glance he bestows on the more fortunate couple seated at the board betrays his inner consciousness that an appeal for trust would be treated with disdain. It is to be hoped he may soon find a job that will replenish his empty pocket, and enable him to still the gnawings of his hungry stomach.

A PROMENADE IN MID-AIR.

THE engraving on page 245 will give our readers an idea of what it is to take a promenade on the foot-bridge that temporarily crosses the East River, and connects New York and Brooklyn by an aerial highway. This narrow bridge is suspended many feet above the level of the roadway of the future, and a large number of persons besides the workmen have crossed on the slender and apparently frail structure. The passage is safe enough to persons with strong nerves; but some who were liable to dizziness have found it to be any thing but an agreeable trip. Several who started boldly from the top of the tower became so terrified when they found themselves suspended in mid-air above the river as to be incapable of motion, and could neither go forward nor return without assistance from the workmen. This proved to be such an annoyance and so great an interruption that in a few days after the completion of the foot-bridge, which is intended for the workmen only, it was decided not to issue any more passes to those who wanted to cross merely for the sake of the splendid panoramic view or for the excitement of the trip. There was danger, too, lest some person, losing self-control, should fall from the dizzy height to certain death.

The foot-bridge is constructed of narrow slats of oak, framed in sections of various lengths, and securely fastened to the wire cables that support it. It will be used by the workmen in stretching and finishing the great cables that are to sustain the roadway.

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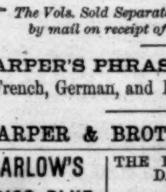

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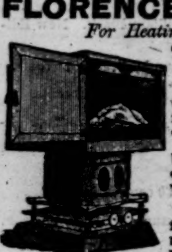
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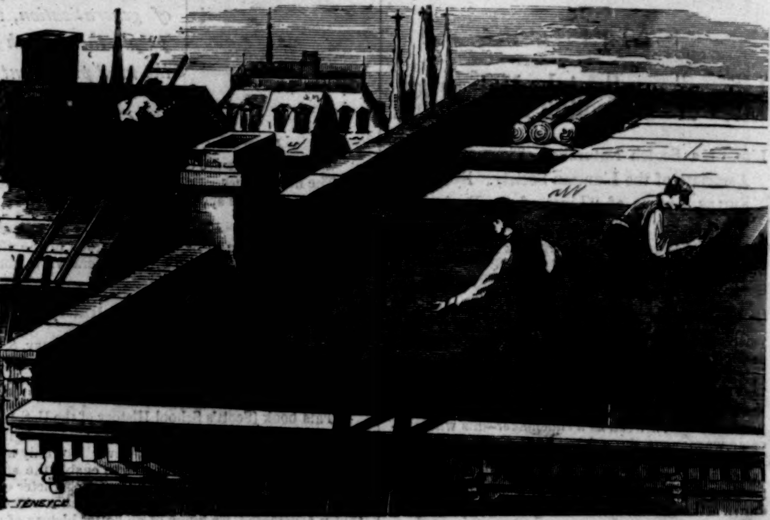

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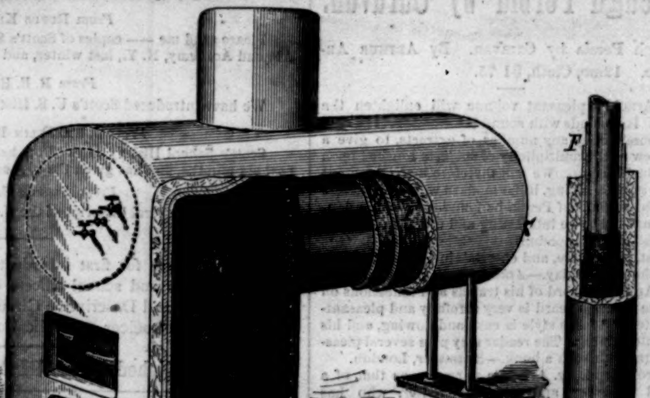

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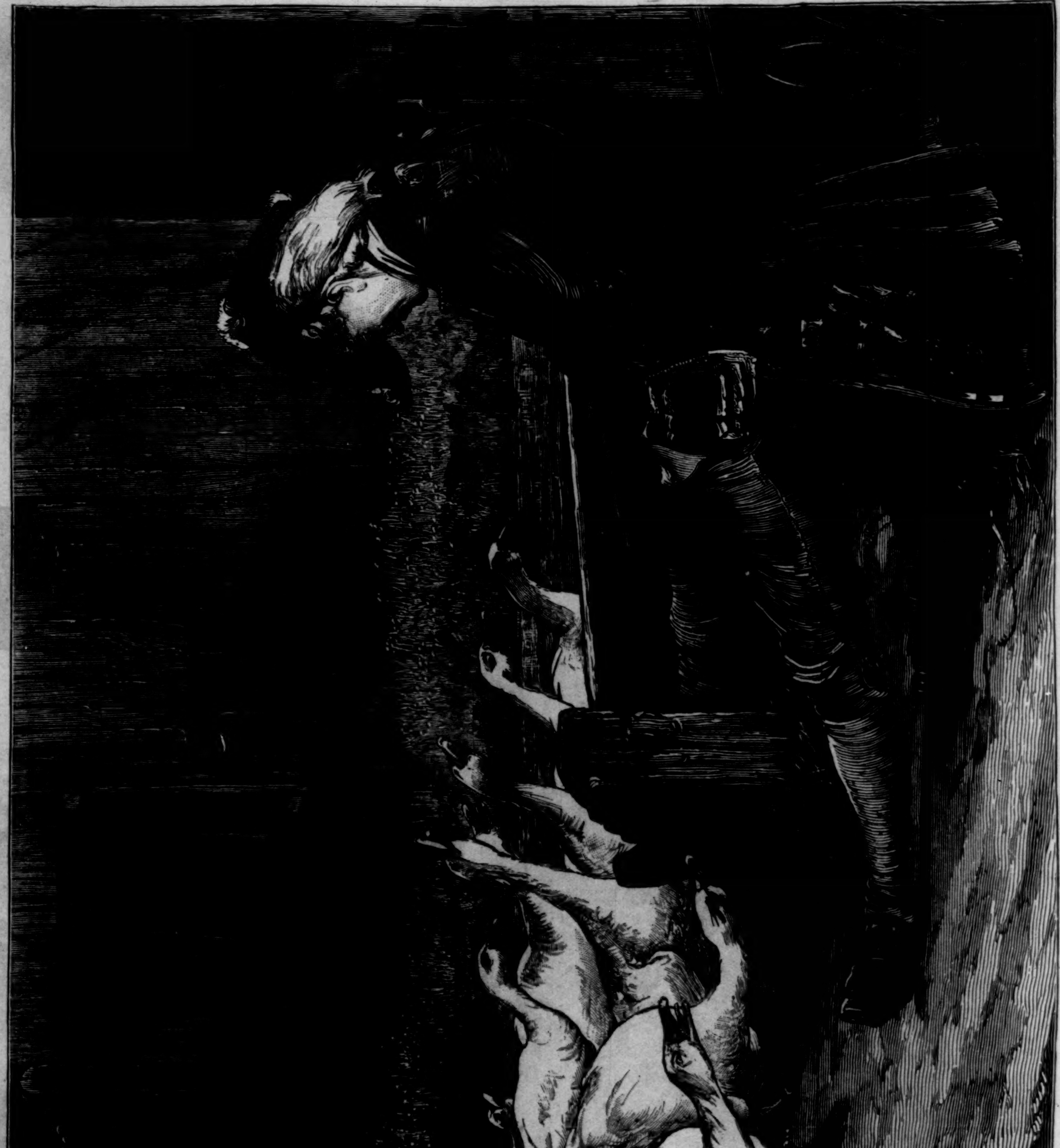


THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—[From a Painting by S. E. Waller.]

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

The situation of the unfortunate culprit in the above engraving is one that calls for sympathy, no matter what his offense against the law. It is hard enough, when caught in a humiliating position, to bear the scorn and contempt of one's fellow-men, but when it comes to being hissed at and derided by that most insolent and obnoxious of all created fowls, the goose, the ignominy is certainly beyond endurance. Any one who has ever made the characteristics of these creatures a study will readily admit that in self-sufficiency, vanity, and impudence a goose surpasses any bird, or beast, or creeping thing upon the face of the earth. There is an expression of pride, vainglory, and all uncharitableness in their very walk or waddle; the way in which they bend their heads in passing under a doorway conveys an insult to all dwellers in houses; and their conduct to a passer-by is usually animated by an insolence that has no parallel. An instinct of common charity leads us to hope that the victim in the stocks will find within his reach a missile to hurl at the mocking crew. Unless he be a very Timon of Athens, and enjoys meditating upon the heartlessness of a world where even the lower orders of creation gloat over a man's misfortunes, he will, in a last extremity, devote even his cocked hat to the dispersion of his tormentors.

Until within a few years all methods of punishment were attended with public disgrace; no offense could be expiated without a gaping crowd to witness the humiliation of the culprit. The stocks are a very old method of punishing smaller offenses against the law. This instrument is frequently spoken of under the Latin name of *cippus* in the early records of the Middle Ages. The date of its first introduction into England is uncertain, but in the second Statute of Laborers, enacted in 1350, provision is made for applying the stocks to unruly artificers; and in 1376 the Commons prayed Edward III. that stocks should be established in every village. Later on, each parish had its stocks, usually close to the churchyard, but sometimes in a more retired spot.

Frequent mention is made of the stocks by English writers in all ages. An old English poem, quoted by Dr. Halliwell in his Dictionary, from a manuscript at least as old as the fifteenth century, recounting the punishments to which some misdoers were condemned, says,

> "And twenty of thes oder ay in a pytt,
> In stokkes and feturs for to sytt."

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries seem to have been the halcyon days of the stocks. Persons were confined in them for all manner of petty crimes, and the size of the parties had no doubt a great deal to do with ameliorating the annoyance of the victims. Misery loves company, and among a large number the obloquy was in a measure divided and thus decreased. How lately this method of punishment was yet in vogue in England we learn from a copy of the Leeds *Mercury*, published April 14, 1860. This journal says: "A notorious character named John Gambles, of Stanningley (Pudsey), having been convicted some months ago for Sunday gambling, and sentenced to sit in the stocks for six hours, left the locality, returned lately, and suffered his punishment by sitting in the stocks from two till eight o'clock on Thursday last." Stocks of a

"THEREFORE WE COMMIT

different description from those already mentioned were at one time employed as a part of prison discipline. They were not supported on posts or fixed in any way to one spot, but consisted merely of heavy pieces of wood that confined the victims simply by their weight. When more than one person was confined in them at a time, walking became an impossibility, and after a few hours the suffering caused by such constraint must have been severe. So common were these instruments of torture at one time, that the Latin word *cippus* and the French *ceps* were frequently employed to designate the prison itself.

The gallows and the wheel were also such instruments of common use in the Middle Ages that they were continually before the people's eyes. Every town, abbey, and almost every manorial lord of any distinction had the right of hanging; and a gallows or a tree with a man hanging upon it was so frequent an object that it seems to have been considered as almost a natural ornament to a landscape, and is thus frequently introduced in mediæval landscapes. To be carried about in a cart was considered especially disgraceful, probably because it was thus that malefactors were carried to the gallows, and in France to the guillotine. In the early romances of the days of King Arthur we have an apt illustration of the prevalence of this feeling. Sir Lancelot, when hastening to rescue his lady, Queen Guenever, has the misfortune to lose his horse, and meeting with a carter, he seizes the cart as the only means of conveyance, for the weight of his armor precludes the possibility of his walking. Queen Guenever and her ladies, from a bay-window of the castle of Sir Meliagraunce, saw him approach, and one of the latter exclaimed, "See, madam, where as rideth in a cart a goodly armed knight; I suppose that he rideth to hanging." Guenever, however, saw by his shield that it was Sir Lancelot. "Ah! most noble knight," she said, when she saw him in this condition, "I see well that thou hast been hard bested when thou ridest in a cart." Then she rebuked the lady. "It was foul-mouthed," said the queen, "and evil-compared so to compare the most noble knight of the world in such a shameful death. O Jhesu! defend him and keep him," said the queen, "from all mischievous end!"

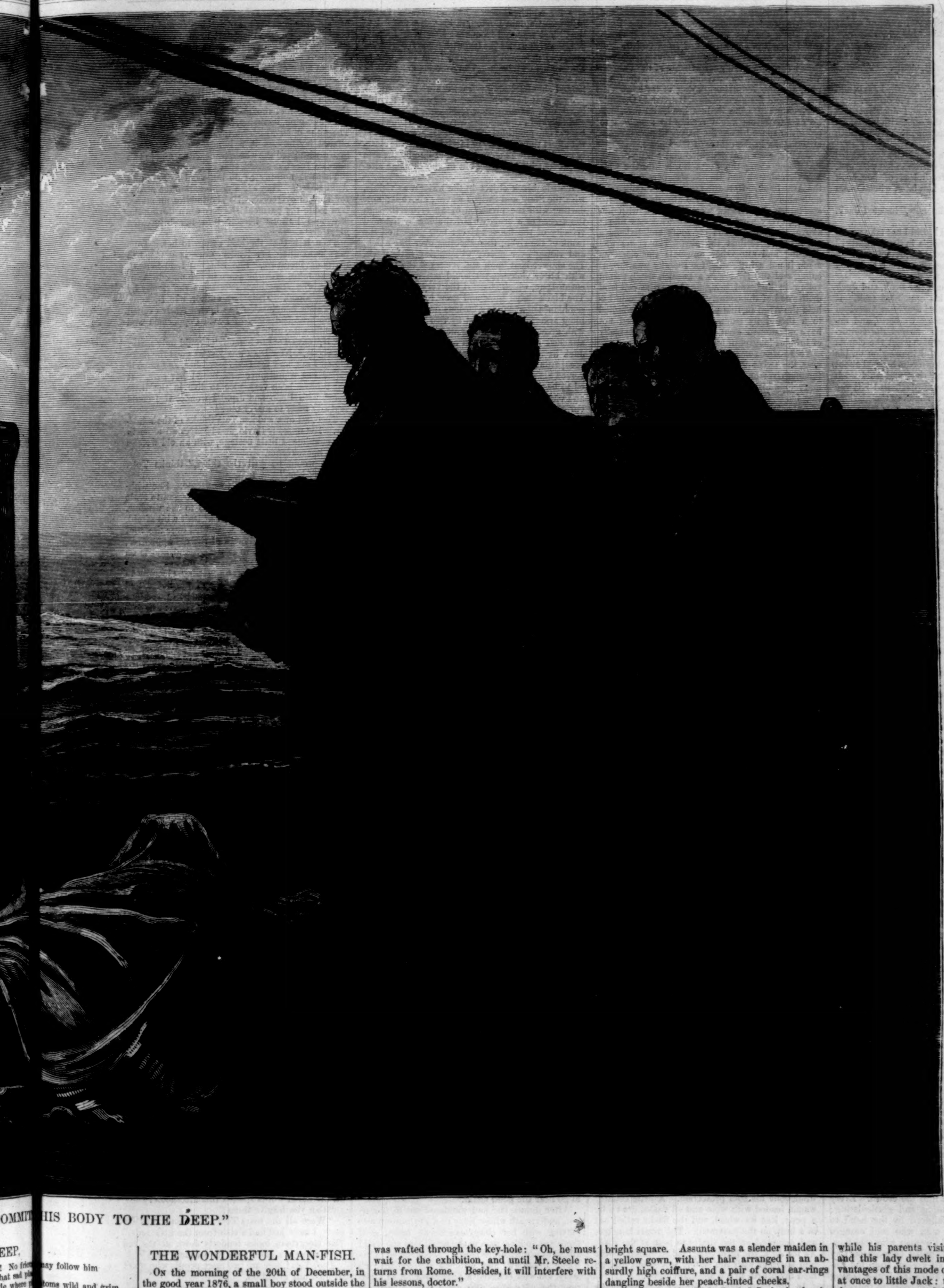
COMMITTED TO THE DEEP.

We hear the solemn sentence, "Earth to earth,"
Ring o'er our dead,
And fancy since creation's mournful birth
No words e'er said
Have brought more bitter woe to hearts half broken,
Given clearer voice to sorrow yet unspoken,
Or been to suffering souls a surer token
That all of hope is fled.

But yet a sadder, drearier phrase than this
Sounds o'er some graves:
Those that no loving mourner bends to kiss,
So deep the waves
Have drawn the loved one to their wild protection,
Within no earthy bed of man's selection,
To wait alone the trump of resurrection
That wakes the sea's deep caves.

To wait alone! No fri
To that sad pl
That vast abode where
Meet face to f
Lo! all around there b
No lowly cross there w
No crown there tells of
And pardoning

To wait alone! The d
And they wil
Their secret well; the A
Where he doth
His only requiem is the
A soul has passed beyo
All that remains of G
Committed to



OMMIT HIS BODY TO THE DEEP."

EEP.

! No frie nay follow him
hat sad pl
de where p toms wild and grim
face to f
there br s of desolation;
there wi rs resignation,
e tells of st's sweet compensation
pardoning ce.

! The d waters close,
they wil
ell; the A eing only knows
re he doth p;
em is the e pulsation:
ssed beyo fe's sad probation—
ns of G vine creation
mitted to deep.

THE WONDERFUL MAN-FISH.

On the morning of the 20th of December, in the good year 1876, a small boy stood outside the salon door listening to such stray words as might reach him through the key-hole, eating a slice of bread-and-butter the while. The small boy was very pretty, with fair face and brown curls; his legs were incased in striped stockings, and about his neck was fitted one of those yokes of affliction to the rising generation—a very broad and stiff sailor's collar. His expression was fiercely intent; he bit off a mouthful of bread, and paused to again listen. The voice of the doctor reached him: "You should allow the little fellow to see him, Mrs. Steele." Then the reply of Mrs. Steele was wafted through the key-hole: "Oh, he must wait for the exhibition, and until Mr. Steele returns from Rome. Besides, it will interfere with his lessons, doctor."

The small boy in the hall, with a sense of burning indignation, put his hand on the door-knob, withdrew it again, paused a moment, then walked along the passage swiftly in an opposite direction. What was there to be seen? Why did the doctor think that he should go to the show, whatever it was? Of course this little "pitcher with large ears" recognized himself as the subject of conversation.

Assunta was arranging the dining-room, spending much time before the mirror during the process, and at the window overlooking the wide, bright square. Assunta was a slender maiden in a yellow gown, with her hair arranged in an absurdly high coiffure, and a pair of coral ear-rings dangling beside her peach-tinted cheeks.

"What is a Man-Fish?" cried Jack, darting in upon her.

Che! che! Assunta did not know—only whatever the Man-Fish actually was, it was to be seen in the Arno.

Thus foiled, Jack dashed on with increasing excitement to the dominions of Luigi, firm in an early developed faith that Luigi, being a man, might know more than Assunta, who was only a girl, fond of shaking her ear-drops coquettishly at her reflected image in the dining-room glass.

Jack was spending the winter with his cousin, while his parents visited Greece and the Nile, and this lady dwelt in an apartment. The advantages of this mode of residence were manifest at once to little Jack: the whole household kingdom was compressed into a nutshell by closing the main door on the public stairway. Jack could roam from one bed-chamber to another; even step from a salon all gilt and amber satin to the larder and kitchen. Luigi, a very gentlemanly cook, with black mustache, linen cap, and apron, presided in the last apartment over a miniature paradise of copper stew-pans. Luigi was good-natured, and fond of children, as are all Italians; but Jack intruded upon his kingdom at an inopportune moment, for he was brightening the fire with a large palm-leaf fan in order to make a kettle boil more